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Looking Forward

AT LAST a biography of genuine interest to Outlook and Independent readers has come into our hands. It is "Beethoven, The Man Who Freed Music," by Robert Haven Schauffler.

"HE WHO really understands my music," Beethoven said many years ago, "must become free of all the misery which others bear about with them." Recognized among musicians as incomparably the greatest of composers, Beethoven, from the time when he was a boy in Bonn to the death-bed scene where he said "Applaud, friends, the comedy is finished," lived the developing and fascinating life of a genius—a genius who yearned above all things for happy marriage, but whom nature had made to be alone in his greatness; a genius who revolutionized music and made the world accept it and understand it through the sheer force of his dominant personality.

MANY LIVES of this man have been written. Some have sentimentalized him. Others in reaction to hero-worship have set out merely to puncture the sentimental portrait. Mr. Schauffler has done none of these things. Instead, he has made the man, Beethoven, live again—and he has made Beethoven's music live again as the composer himself heard and understood it.

MR. SCHAUFFLER was well equipped for this task. For he is not only a violin-cellist known all over the country, but he has also written many books, notably "Fiddler's Luck" and "The Musical Amateur." Besides being a musician, he is an essayist and poet, and this book represents the finished work of many years spent in the literary and musical worlds. In writing it, he was not content merely to set forth the well known episodes of Beethoven's life. He went back to original sources.

HIS BOOK, therefore, contains not only an absorbing study of Beethoven's music—in which field we imagine some of his discoveries will be heard round the world—but presents also the life of the composer from a new standpoint. The first instalment will appear shortly.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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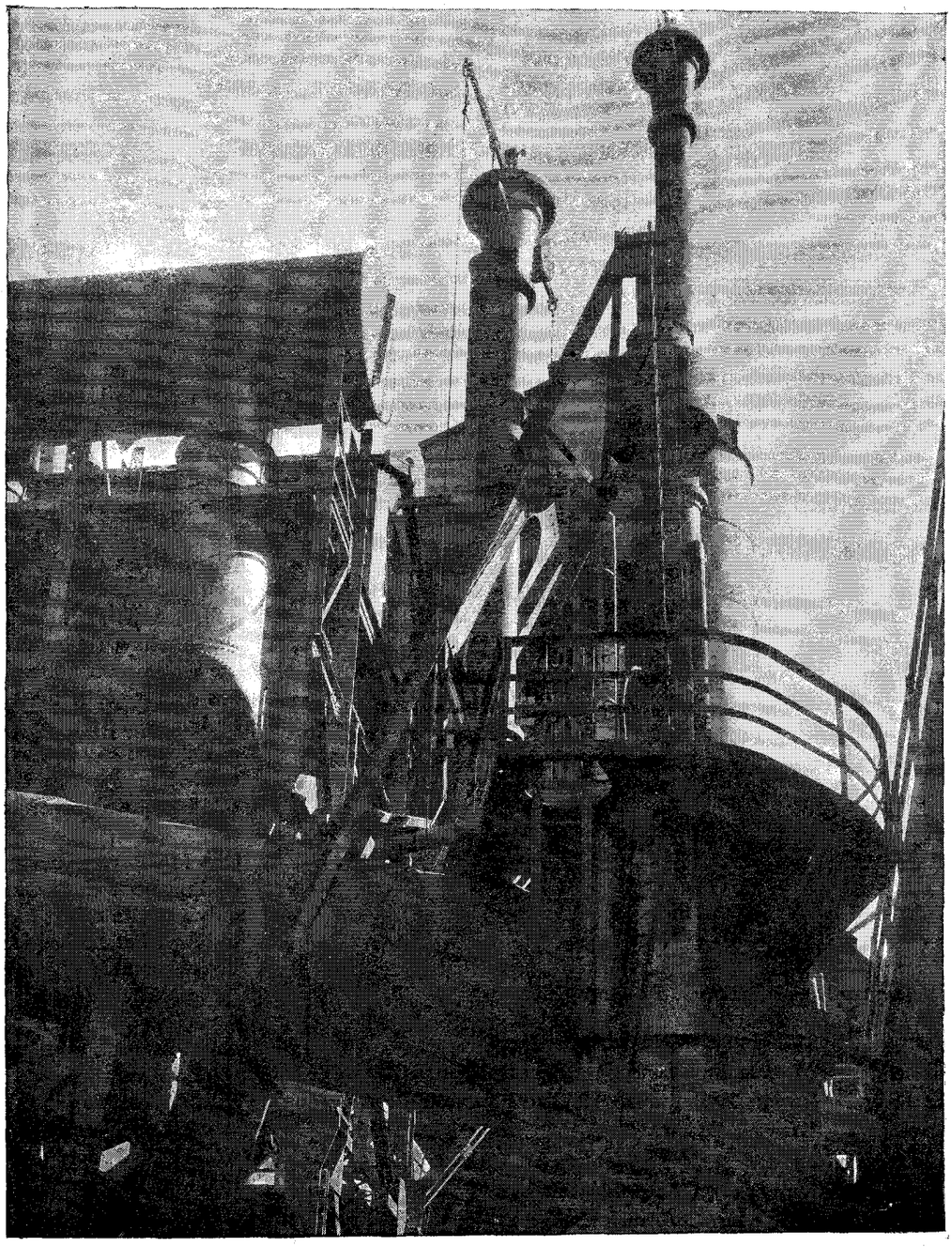

VOICES OF INDUSTRY

A photograph by Charles Sheeler

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Outlook
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February 13, 1929

Detroit: City of Tomorrow?

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Having visited Chicago and been astonished by its turmoil, Mr. Josephson now presents his reactions to Detroit. To many who know that city well, his portrait will seem utterly pessimistic. Certainly it is far different from that which the average American reporter would present. Therein lies its value, for it is not inconceivable that future civilizations will react similarly to high-speed, industrial America

NO SOONER HAD I arrived in the mass production city than I learned some highly significant news: the local museum possessed one of the four original versions of Rodin's "The Thinker"! Now, musing before this gloomy and somewhat bilious man of stone I wondered seriously if he were not the only being in Detroit who was thus engaged in meditation.

Surely Detroit was not "thinking" in the old-fashioned sense; there was none of your peripatetic or seated philosophy. Thought had somehow been circumvented; something that was automatic, something that ran by an internal combustion engine had taken its place. In fact a new word was needed to express the trance, the fearful concentration with which all men awaited the approaching Automobile Show.

And if our naked and lugubrious friend, "The Thinker," could have arisen to stroll down Woodward Avenue, to mingle with the Christmas throngs in Grand Circus Park, he would have witnessed an astounding and, for him, indefinable spectacle.

Hysteria, pandemonium reigned everywhere. The magicians of Detroit, whom Count Keyserling called *Yogis*, directed their flaming eyeballs upon their new automobile models which were to bring forth rivers of gold in the coming year. Spies came and went, whispering of rival projects, of enemy motor cars painted "the colors of precious stones."

No one thought of the human body, or the body politic. All minds were bent wholeheartedly upon the new Fisher or Chrysler bodies. The surrounding ether vibrated with anticipations, as General Motors' President broadcast to hynotized millions: "1929 Will Be the Biggest Automobile Year in History."

Henry Ford, the genius, the oracle, intoned vatic words that bore the stamp of his originality:

"No American Boy Ever Became a Success by Saving Money."

And so the jostling, the gaily suffocating mass now surged forward as one man to buy everything on the shelves of the great chain stores. Stop saving. Trust in the organism. Have a full Christmas stocking stuffed with six-cylinder cars! In a common burst of enthusiasm, in a splendid, patriotic response to the call of the radio, the press, the bill-boards, all the people flung out last year's furniture, refrigerators, fur coats, electric irons, and purchased new ones. As all records for consumption and ejection were broken the mass production plants geared themselves up to a new speed . . .

NOWHERE in the world may the trend of the new industrial cycle be perceived more clearly than in Detroit. In this sense it is the most modern city in the world, the city of tomorrow.

There is no past, there is no history. Neither traditions nor the accumulated handiwork of man's leisure time or deeply reflective moods obtrude upon the eye. There is primarily the wealth of mechanism and "turnover." One day, thousands and thousands of human beings turned themselves over and found that they were in the huge metropolis of Detroit.

The city boasts a romantic colonial history, under three flags. But all the important historical facts—so few in themselves—are economic. In 1829 wooden stockades still protect the citizenry from Indians; 1840, and the Erie Canal is opened; 1860, lo, the railroad comes; 1890, and Henry Ford completes his first version of the horseless carriage. Detroit had only 200,000 inhabitants; but *der Tag* had come. An economic empire began which produced here, in two generations, a concentration camp of a million and a half souls. Out of an interlude of frantic, high-fevered growth, giant industries arose, directed by men of genius who revolutionized the economy of Steam Power.

STRANGELY, we escaped the fatal class war which Marx predicted, whereby the middle class was to be ground to pieces between labor and capital. We developed instead into a vast and contented middle class; or if you chose to look at the silk stockings which the shop-girls wore, and the eight-cylinder cars in which negro laborers rode to their factories, we were all capitalists. Or from still another possible view, which pondered over the intense, unresting labor of the "supersalesman," the division manager, the president, and over their want of worldly refinement, we were all *pro-*

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letarians. At any rate we were part of a common, uniform, and thoroughly regimented mass, with a standard mode of thought, living, manners and esthetic expression. The outstanding feature of the Machine Age economy was Henry Ford's principle of "constant increase in the volume and speed of mass production;" and it was the functioning of this principle, widely adopted by his contemporaries, which had broadcast prosperity, sanitation, city pleasures, "canned" amusements and ideas, electrical appliances, gasoline vehicles, everywhere throughout the land.

All of the industrial leaders whom I saw voiced their optimism and their intense satisfaction over the present state. Nowhere in the world or in human history were great masses of human beings lifted to such a scale of well-being and mechanical comfort. And by the same token, one could have answered that nowhere in the world did men seem so *automatised,* submissive and monotonous.

ONLY by offering contrasts may I explain in some measure the cold horror which certain aspects of Detroit life gave me.

Once, years ago, I lived in a tiny village of the Tyrolian Alps. Life among these peasants, colorful, intensely individualistic, was virtually equal to a return to the Middle Ages. Their poverty, their backwardness, the total absence of any decent business opportunities in their midst, meant that one could live with tranquil nerves, devoting the long, slow hours to a natural life and to agreeable reflection. The Tyrolians did not devote their leisure time to laboring for more mechanical comforts, they painted marvelous pictures on the façades of their houses, or carved beautiful road-side crucifixes, or lingered in conversation over their beer. I should be the first to admit that theirs is a by-gone age, belonging to the dead centuries, and so impossible to revive that it is useless to regret. On the other hand I cannot help thinking of those of their qualities which we have determined to abandon for the sake of physical advantages to be gained. I bore them in mind as I rode through the regular and colorless streets of Detroit.

For miles and miles, over level ground, the roads spread out, passing "imitation" houses, with square factories or warehouses placed here and there according to no plan whatsoever. There was the familiar, dingy panorama of hideous wooden dwellings filling vast quarters of the city. Downtown in the shadow of the great skyscrapers and hotels there was at least the animation of hurrying crowds, of automobile traffic moving at the double-quick.

The feeling of doubt and pessimism that came over me I can only ascribe to a deep sense of isolation. Anyone who had nothing to sell or buy, who was virtually on the side-lines for the moment, was utterly lost among this human machinery that was functioning at high speed.

At the Highland Park plant of the Ford Company, I admitted to an important sales official that I was more preoccupied with the future of the human being than with that of the internal combustion engine.

He laughed pleasantly and said: "We are too deep in things here to see where we are going. We never have time to think about it. We set a fast pace here during the week, and so on Saturdays and Sundays I, for instance, find things a bit slow. For the week end I devote myself to my special hobby, which is flying my plane. I loop the loop all morning long . . . "

ALL OF US who have absorbed the advertisements and propaganda for America's favorite machine have made a myth of efficiency. One would think that automobiles were born painlessly in a kind of "twilight sleep," among cheerful and homelike surroundings. And so, the element of surprise that appeared for me at the larger Dearborn works was the sustained uproar, the stupendous bedlam of sound suggestive of recent war-scenes in Europe. Instead of in order and peace, it was at a flaming battlefront, through which ran waves of heat amid the clanking and groaning of elevators, cranes, dynamos, locomotives, stamp-and-dye presses, that the "flivver" was created.

There seemed at first glance no unison or purpose. The air was filled with dust and illumined by furnace flames or the glare of molten metal being transported or stamped into shape by presses. I stood in a vast room. In every direction, apparently intertwined, or attached in knots or lines, I saw a mob of human beings, thousands upon thousands. There can scarcely have been less than fifteen thousand men at work in this one room.

After a time I began to distinguish the long "line" which moved and wound along like a living thing throughout the length and breadth of the plant. It was a constantly flowing, meandering river, bearing the simple parts through the process of assembly; the endless conveyor belt passed at a steady gait through the thousands of upraised, outstretched hands which fed it, until it was lost to the eye in a maze which lay in the direction of the packing plant.

In a little space of time, a number of hours, the miracle of mechanical birth was performed: the raw steel had entered the plant, been cut, moulded, combined with assembled wires, cogs and gadgets, into a more complex whole, and passed out as a completed "Model A" engine. It was exceedingly simple, and there was really a superb, precise order whereby all the movements of men had been reduced to the briefest, simplest gestures, and those of the machine glorified to the most elaborate or delicate labor.

Human hands joined two parts, or tightened a screw with one turn, or inserted a wire, and then swung the augmented object on to the coat-hooks which hung from the feeding belt. Other hands, and burly ones, wielded a pair of long tongs lifting a twenty-pound piece of molten metal into place on a stamping press. Whereas, the jaws of the press held the metal carefully, pounded it thunderously into shape, and then lifted it up to disgorge, or rather deposit it with tenderness upon a conveyor, much as an elephant would gather fruit with his trunk.

Again there was a beautiful, rotating machine which swallowed copper bars and then spun them out through a long process, as fine cable wire. No human hand was needed to aid in this cycle. This machine was absolutely *ideal;* Mr. Ford's ideal. There was only a little railed iron balcony that surrounded it, and the length of this, a sentinel, a tall, serious young man in overalls, paced up and down, up and down, watching the machine eternally, lubricating it from time to time out of bright copper cans.

THE STUNNING noise and the heat continued to oppress me. The workingmen were all powerfully built; they were absorbed in the common rhythm and arduous effort of the job. Here was a magnificent African, fully six and a half feet tall, laboring before a furnace of hell. Beside him was an Italian

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who assisted him. I approached the latter. Did he mind the noise?

"Me? Sure I like it. I don' mind. I used to it. When I go home, I have a dreenk, have fun, play cards. I got nice wine home. My ole woman makah wine . . . "

And now whistles blew; it was four o'clock. I was in the yards traversing a great square between the monumental factory buildings. Thousands were streaming forth. Thousands upon thousands of feet pounded along rapidly. Toward the parking place they streamed: it may have been a half-mile long. And soon the roads were darkened with their cars speeding in all directions.

Where were they going? There were ten thousand speakeasies in Detroit. There were seats for 200,000 people at the movies. (Al Jolson would be sobbing before them in the vitaphone, as he was before the masses of Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago, at the very moment.) There were dance-halls with floor-space for ten thousand.

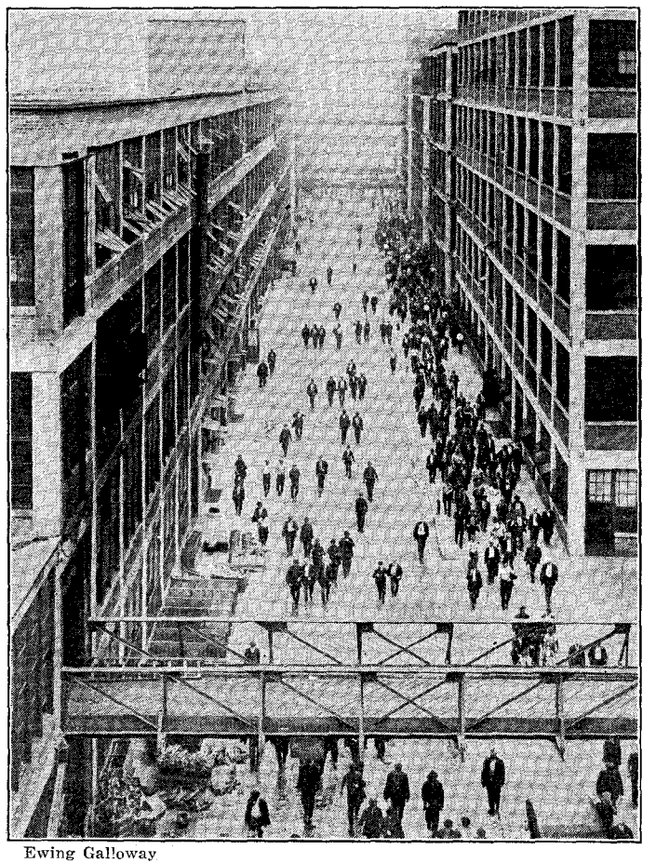
Henry Ford too had had moments of anxiety about the private life of his weary laborers. He had once been a humanitarian and a rather striking kind of crusader, although little is said now of the great Peace Ship in which he sailed forth to end war. He had announced the new age of peace, mechanical comfort and prosperity, creating even a Sociological Department at Highland Park. It was rumored that his men lived inefficiently, in crowded, grimy quarters. When they worked in shifts, they took in boarders who used their beds in the free hours, day or night. Scandal attached itself to the laborers' dwelling places. Very well, Henry Ford would make them efficient, clean, moral, like his dynamos.

But they revolted! No, they were free and independent individuals once they left his plant. They demanded the right to live in dirty houses, to play cards, to drink, even to be cuckolded if fate willed it so. The Sociological Department was abandoned.

IN THE STREETS of Detroit one wandered, an anonymous American. The streets themselves were anonymous, and bore no human imprint, no touch that would ever lead me to remember them. The people I met could give me no directions. They came from anywhere and everywhere; they were of all races and they were truly American.

At night fixed searchlights played a Babylonian light on the skyscrapers in Grand Circus Park. The New Penobscot Building, some forty stories high, made of long piers rising to a receding crest, was a colossal monument which dwarfed the tiny statuaries of politicians and military heroes in the square.

The contemporary captains of fortune, aware of this disparity, no longer hoped for bronze equestrian images of themselves. They built great towers to which they gave their names; the Book Tower, the Fred F. Fisher Tower. These last were quite dreadful affairs, their surfaces covered with Gothic or Renaissance pastry.



Ewing Galloway

Changing shifts at one of the Ford plants

In the cold halls of the hotels where I stayed there was a great display of the native American sculpture, amid potted palms, Chinese rugs and colored lights: the "tailored-in-metal" automobile. Many of them were strikingly beautiful, especially if the connoisseur studied the frequent perfection of their form in relation to their usage or function. In this sense the locomotive, the electric refrigerator, and many other modern creations offer us beautiful sculpture.

I resolved, the next day, to buy (or rather to pretend to buy) all the most beautiful automobiles in Detroit . . .

My extensive tour, including narrow escapes from the clutches of hysterical salesmen, yielded much light on the automobile of 1929.

The figure of the new motor car was a great improvement over that of recent years; but all the major companies had adopted the same style, and given their cars similar eyes, hips and square foreheads. About a year ago a certain small factory had secured the services of a gifted "body" artist, formerly of the General Motors combine. Overnight their business had quadrupled; all makers imitated them. The response of the public was indeed a hopeful sign of the strategic influence of style and beauty during a period of plenty.

But as I lifted the hood and demanded specifications, I found that nearly all the widely used vehicles were alike, save for occasional radicalism in the placing of buttons or gadgets connected with the control.

It seemed to me that the period of experiment and competition typical of the early stages of the industry had come to an end.

The General Motors trust, so opposed in principle to that of Ford, had come to be the largest factor in the industry. For a time it had assembled every possible kind of car, offered a wide variety of styles and distributed its risk. More recently it had adopted Ford's system of mass production, to a certain degree, while keeping up its chameleon-like changes of style and its many price-ranges. On the other hand even Ford had adopted the General Motors policy of keeping up with "style."

In the meantime an element of waste was at work night and day to nullify the advances and economies made in manufacturing technique: the rising cost of selling gave automobile chief-

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tains white hair and sleepless nights. Super-salesmanship, nation-wide advertising, show-rooms, potted plants, drinks for buyers, all of this added to overhead as attempts were made to keep up with the enlarged capacity of the factory. Mass production meant mass sales; and mass sales, the passionate effort to get the last inch, the last ten per cent of purchasing power in a given territory, were becoming incalculably expensive.

Nothing more could be done in the way of reducing labor costs. I was told that the average labor on a $3,000 car amounted to $180; that a certain widely used accessory netted the manufacturer a profit at $5.00 and retailed at from $17.50 to $25.00.

The larger companies have therefore been uniting in "mergers" chiefly to cut down sales costs. In 1928 Chrysler and Dodge, Studebaker and Pierce-Arrow, Huppmobile and Chandler, consolidated forces. Twenty years ago there were nearly 350 companies; now there are about 70, and of these only a dozen made all but a tiny fraction of the cars.

"Agreements" came into being. The Society of Automotive Engineers organized forces for a wide standardization of parts and materials. New devices and inventions, unless revolutionary, were to be made available to all simultaneously. So much for Mr. Hoover's "rugged individualism in business."

Just as the automobile is the golden calf, the favorite sculpture of America's multitude, so it is the key industry. Its discoveries and policies are symptomatic of all the other industries which long to emulate its advances.

THE PROCESSION of gigantic mergers typical of the Machine Age is now openly tolerated by the whole nation. The unspoken policy of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover hastened the process. An enlightened capitalism sets the labor standard at the highest in the world and the masses remain tranquil, accepting the great economies and universal luxuries of the new system, and even participating in profits by buying stocks. It is idle to talk of individualism! No mechanical unit geared for national sales can be run by Jeffersonian principles.

The defenders of the new "benevolent oligarchy" always speak in the same tones of optimism.

" . . . Never in the history of the world have such great numbers of men been so prosperous and physically contented. Is not that alone an enormous advance? And the automobile! Think of what conveniences it has brought to millions of farmers; the tractors, the 'buses . . . We live at a new speed; we have extended our faculties, our enjoyments. You and I are infinitely superior in our way of life to our fathers . . . "

It was an official of the General Motors Corporation speaking.

What he said, had been said to me everywhere in the industrial Middle-West; and it was literally true. But the optimism was dangerous; and likewise the blindness to much social disarrangement, to the effects on the human fibre of the leveling and regimenting processes which sucked all people into the great capital (or collectivistic, if you will) combines, which imposed nationally the common salesman psychology, the spirit of the flunky and the "yes-man."

WE WERE STANDING by a window in the great stone castle of the General Motors company. Before our eyes there was a scene of the unspeakable ugliness and chaos. There were mills in the midsts of the city, belching thick smoke, high office-buildings side by side with wooden frame residences, grimy garages and desolate parking-spaces for automobiles. Finally our eyes fell upon a small and hideous wooden cottage with drawn blinds, just across the street.

"It's a 'blind pig,' " said the official. "Close enough! Yes, this is a terrible city. I wouldn't have my son grow up in the smoke and filth here. We live away out in the country. I have a garden . . . "

In the period of transition between individualistic competition and "benevolent oligarchy" there are terrible, silent upheavals or dislocations; individual fortunes change hands; whole masses are thrown out of work, and left to their own devices; whole industries, regions of the country are depressed; small capital weeps and cowers as it goes to the wall.

Out of curiosity I visited also the office of a small automobile manufacturer who was reputed to be having difficulties, harassed as he was by gigantic competitors. The head of the plant seemed to be in a state bordering on hysteria during my visit.

To my questions he replied in tones of the greatest anxiety: "I cannot say anything. Whatever I said might be misinterpreted or misunderstood."

Despite rigorous efforts toward manufacturing economies, ferocious sales-campaigns, "prize contests" between crews, a deluge of propaganda and advertising, business was declining. All the officers of the company, otherwise amiable and prepossessing men, looked sick-eyed.

From his office window the Manager and Vice-President of this company pointed to a Bridge-of-Sighs affair, an enclosed trestle that ran from the building we were in to an adjoining plant. Over this bridge the finished machines were run on a conveyor belt to the other building to be packed and shipped away automatically. As each unit moved into its place, a machine, like a turnstile in the subway, clicked off a number which showed the hourly and daily production instantaneously, in the central office!

I marveled greatly at this instrument. By such a medium in a National Central Office, a benevolent dictator could determine just how many automobiles or vacuum cleaners should be made, and when to slow up output, or when to increase it; how to have enough and not too much; how to divert energy and capital from one industry into another, from one region to another. Some day, the fearful economic and social dislocations (which went on even during prosperity) would be avoided . . .

There was also a map of the United States with great black and red spots on it. The red showed areas of low sales-pressure. I took it that the manager would thereupon send a crew of fiery men, hell-bent, hammer and tongs, to work up the red area until it was black. What, I thought, if the same enthusiasm, the same constructive passions could be diverted to other channels? There would be a map with red spots to show where there was dirt, poverty, illiteracy. And the great Manager from his Central Office could send a mighty band of super-salesmen to "clean up" this area, to give it prosperity, beautiful public buildings, gardens and pools!

THE INCREDIBLY flat plains of Michigan and Ohio were given to a wintry desolation as the Broadway limited fled from them at sixty an hour.

To New York! *À Berlin! Nach Paris!* Always, the soul strained after

(*Please Turn to Page 275*)

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Let's Go Somewhere

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Mr. Sherwood Anderson, like Mr. Josephson, is bothered by industrial America. Here, in a letter to an imaginary friend, he describes his reactions to the crowds and the worries of the large cities. But he does so indirectly; by voicing an appreciation of the languorous charm of the South

Dear Charles:

It is a terribly serious lot of questions you have asked me. "Is the South to be industrialized?" "Am I trying to escape industrialism by living in the South?" "What am I up to down here?"

You must be careful, Charles. If you are not more careful you will be speaking to me of "the psychology of escape."

Only a few weeks ago I dined with a lady who spoke of "spiral evolution." My head snapped back. Do you know they even talk that way in the South sometimes nowadays. Young, intellectual negroes do it. Perhaps I am trying to escape the age of words. I have a dreadful fear of being psychoanalyzed by a psychoanalyst. On some nights I dream of these birds. One has got me cornered on West 8th Street in New York. I squirm and squirm but cannot escape. I tore a bed sheet to pieces trying to get away from one.

She was a female psychoanalyst, too. You understand this was in a dream.

The South! Your letter has stirred me, of course. Why, man, Virginia is not of the South, nor is North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma. If you want that you've got to go far down.

I do not know about Florida, have never been there yet but am going soon. Once, in Paris, on a cold bleak day Fred Frieseke, the painter, showed me some things he had done once when he was far down somewhere on the Florida coast. He, that is to say Frieseke, had been doing a lot of paintings of young girls and women, as full of innocence as a picnic is full of bread. I wonder why innocence tires me so. After ten minutes of it my bones ached.

So Fred Frieseke got out these other things. They wouldn't sell, he said. He knew that when he did them, so he had done them for the pure fun of it. There was one, I remember sharply, of a stretch of sand road. The sea was somewhere in the distance and there was an old negro man struggling up along the road. A sense of the vastness of seas and yellow sand stretching, and this old black man in the midst of it—going God knows where. Something felt, put down, a painter's job well done for once anyway.

So you want the South too, Charles. You want the warm sun, cockroaches on the wall and in cracks, birds floating in a hot still blue sky, that amazing, never-to-be-forgotten song of insect life under your feet. At any rate I understand your mood. Chicago, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, all of these cities are like clenched fists. New Orleans and Mobile are like open hands. They will never industrialize these cities quite. Life is too languid.

The sun shines down there, the rains are warm.

Mobile is a city few people know about. It is a sweet city. The land up above is all red and three strong rivers come racing down and pour into the bay.

The rivers wash the red earth down into the bay. I have seen the bay of Mobile like blood. I tried to make a painting of it so, but I can't paint much. You, who are a painter, know that.

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Flown from Emanuel's side."

I dare say Palm Beach and the other big swell places, down along the Florida coast, are all right but a writer or a painter, who is any good, as you and I are, can't get together the money for them. Some day a very rich man or woman will invite me down there and I'll go too. I want to see how much money they spend, how bored they are, what fine clothes the women wear. No one loves fine clothes on a woman more than I do, when I don't have to pay for them.

Of course industrial America is going to spread out everywhere. In the long run there will be factories in every town. How they are going to use all the goods they make I don't know, but folks can use a lot. Waste is an art, too. I should be a frugal man myself because I so love to go my own way, not be under too many obligations—but you should see the things with which I am cluttered.

The factories and things and more things. All the bare bones of life quite gone. Things get all mixed up. Women now can spend more money, being two thirds naked, than their mothers were able to spend covering up everything from the eyebrows to the toes. It's a talent.

But, my dear friend, you ask me if I want to escape the industrial age. Why not? I belong to the artist class, as do you. Thank God, it is a small class. James wrote me last week.

He said he had got all het up on the industrial age, working men, etc., etc., and had gone Bolshevik.

Then he said he got to thinking—suppose, he thought, I had to listen to Max Eastman reading poems to street car conductors, on strike, or Floyd Dell discussing love at a radical forum. You know, women's place in the industrial scheme, something like that.

The thought threw him, he said, into something near convulsions. He got what he called "crowd fear" and fell right out of the Bolshevik class.

"I've come home," he said. "Let's go walk in a city and swear at tall buildings." He said he wanted to swear and laugh and love the world. We'll probably go some place together soon.

The South and the warm sun.

Memories.

If you want to see and feel something beautiful in this world go some time to New Orleans. Well, evening is coming on—say in early March or April. Go into the old city, to the Pontalba Building. There are two of them. Take the one that faces down river. Go to the top story and get out through a window into the balcony. They call it a gallery down there.

Very well, be there, Charles, as the evening falls, and the light begins to fall—grey and golden and red and purple and blue. A man who can paint still-lifes, as you can sometimes.

Who can feel the wonder and glory in an old empty bottle, a basket of apples, a kitchen knife and a loaf of bread—a man like you can stand up there and see the tops of ships in our great American river, and see the build-

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From the Life

Scared

By IBBY HALL

IN THE YEAR 1914 there were living in an American city two little boys whose only playground was the street. Their bed-time stories were printed in large black headlines and shouted by newsboys. Their fairy-tales were all of horror. The ancestry of one was Teutonic and of the other Latin. But they were children not so much of a race or locality as of a time and the time was that of the Great War.

So it was that these two acquired the beginnings of philosophy. Half the world was afraid and the other half grabbed. By the time the little boys had become young men they were well acquainted with the game. Scare 'em good and they'll hand over. You could tell 'em mostly by taking a look. The hard workers. They always looked respectable and anxious. Afraid of other folks. That's why they worked so hard and were respectable. Scared.

Take, for instance, the fellow that had the foreign name and kept a store for a living. He was a foreigner—he had a saving nature—owned his own place. Beginning to make a success, too, for he had taken on a clerk. Scared? He'd handed over his stick-pin and the ring he wore, his watch and chain, and fifty dollars out of the cash register. Just a little threat of cold steel!

But they had soon seen the last of that fifty dollars, and the Latin and the Teuton conferred anxiously over the state of their empty pockets.

"That was a good egg we broke last week," suggested the Latin. "What say we try him again?"

"Bad business," growled the Teuton. "They get wise, see? Or tip the cops."

"Not him," exclaimed the Latin. "He don't want to scare off customers. I was over that way and he's keepin' quiet. Business as usual."

"Maybe he's got sore," objected the other. "They act funny sometimes when they're sore."

"Say!" The Latin blinked suddenly, "You know what would be good for him? Take his pants off!"

The Teuton stared at his confederate and said nothing.

"Helpless as a baby," went on the Latin with enthusiasm. "A boy like that ain't no good to himself without his pants on."

The Teuton got the idea. He gave a slow grin.

THE PROPRIETOR of a small store in a big city stood behind the door of his shop and peered into the busy street. Almost six o'clock. Hundreds of feet hurrying along outside his window, and only twenty-five dollars' worth of goods had he been able to sell that day. He glanced around toward the back of the store at his solitary assistant. An air of gloom hung between them and crept disconsolately about the corners of the shop. Ever since last Thursday! Nice looking fellows, too. Foreigners, maybe. Well, every one in this burg was foreign—bums and honest men—it all depended on whether your folks had been running away from something, or running to get somewhere. Those boys—they were running away. No guts to stand up to life. Scared. They'd end up in the chair, likely. Lose their nerve some time and let go on the trigger.

He flushed uncomfortably as he remembered. Some things he was afraid of himself. He hadn't liked the look of the gat. He was feeling again that peculiar sensation of sickness at the pit of his stomach that came over him whenever he thought of it.

As the proprietor turned away from his sad survey of the street, two dapper youths separated themselves from the passing crowd and paused to take in the window display. Casually they moved toward the door of the shop. The Latin turned the handle, and the Teuton stepped inside. As the proprietor turned to greet the new customers, the smile of welcome fled swiftly.

"Where's the other guy?" snarled the Teuton.

The proprietor felt his head jerk automatically in the direction of the back room. Once again he was feeling that strange sickness at the pit of his stomach. Unbelievably he was looking once more into the center of a small black circle rimmed with steel.

"Well, you get along back there with him, see?" came the command, "and no funny business."

The proprietor backed slowly toward the rear of his store, and as he backed, an amazing thing began to happen. The sickness that had touched him receded quietly, and in its place a gradual warmth was stealing through his veins. At the same time, an odd feeling of lightness and coolness was taking possession of his head. He had, by now, reached the back room.

"Now you two get your pants down, understand—get your pants down and get 'em off quick!"

With prompt mechanical obedience the proprietor observed himself agreeing to this request; his clerk following his own example. Meanwhile, that curious sensation of warmth was increasing, as though a hand, relaxed and idle, slowly began to feel, to clench, to become iron. His whole body was being slowly clenched in the iron and heat of this hand.

He stood, divested of his trousers. Above his socks and garters his legs stretched naked up to the line of scanty underwear, above which, his shirt-tail hung helpless and disclosed. Beside him crouched his clerk, similarly despoiled. Through the doorway, he could observe the Latin emptying the cash register with careless ease. The Teuton, with his pistol still aimed steadily, backed slowly toward the front door. Another minute—

That iron hand that had been clenching closed now into a fist. The Latin and the Teuton were no sooner on the pavement than the fist was upon them. In one amazed and backward glance they saw the leap and spring of their victim. In another second they had broken into a run. Astounding and incredible! Through the crowded streets of six o'clock—through the noisy rush of home-hurrying workers—the dapper scions of Stick-up were being pursued by a respectable storekeeper minus his trousers.

THE CROWD upon the sidewalk reared and stared, and from its midst two others sprang suddenly into action. The Teuton and the Latin were now pursued by three. Ahead of them rose the long stairs of an elevated station. Above the rumble of the street rose the rumble of an on-rushing train. If they could reach it first—! Surely no one in his senses and out of his trousers would follow them in that ascent.

The train rushed to a stand-still—

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This Dictator Business

By T. R. YBARRA

IN EUROPE nowadays scarcely a month passes without some happening which makes the Gloomy Gus type of freedom-lovers kiss democracy good-by. Life over here is just one dictator after another. Each one, as he fells his opponent with a well-aimed swing to the jaw, causes excitable members of the public throughout the world to listen to the process of counting Kid Democracy out under the firm conviction that the count will inevitably go as far as ten.

First, the Russian Bolsheviki established their dictatorship; then Mussolini knocked out constitutional government in Italy and implanted the Fascist régime, with himself as Pooh-Bah; then Primo de Rivera got the idea that he could be quite as much as a Mussolini as the doughty Benito and proceeded to run Spain with an amiable lack of interest in King, Parliament and Constitution; then Marshal Pilsudski informed his fellow countrymen, without mincing of words, that Poland was only a variant of the spelling of his own name; and now the King of Jugoslavia, weary of the squabblings of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins and the other turbulent nationalities making up his piebald kingdom, has suddenly told them all that he is the sole boss of the land.

And all the while, Horthy and the Horthyites have been running Hungary! One cannot keep from wondering whether European democracy will not soon throw up the sponge and request to be allowed to enter the United States under the immigration quota.

The forward strides of dictatorship in Europe at the expense of democracy are certainly nothing to be sneezed at. Within the last few years, more than half the population of that continent has seen the government under which they were living changed from a more or less genuine brand of democracy to a more or less despotic type of dictatorship.

In Russia, despite cracks here and there, which may develop into menacing fissures, there is no doubt about the supremacy of the Communist proletariat. In Italy, Mussolini loses no opportunity, in his speeches, to tell the Italians how horrid freedom is, and, by his acts, to convince them that there is about as much of it in Italy as at Sing Sing. In Spain, Primo de Rivera's words and actions are milder, but the fact remains that what he says goes—which likewise applies to Poland and Hungary, where Marshal Pilsudski and Admiral Horthy enforce their hand.

As for King Alexander of Jugoslavia, we have yet to learn what kind of record he will make in the new and increasingly popular European game of democracy-baiting. At the present date of writing, he seems still rather nervous at it—unless he overcomes this nervousness, he may be caught off first base by a sly clause in the Jugoslavian Constitution or tackled and thrown for a loss by a burly act of Parliament.

Apropos of acts of Parliament, even in England, the stronghold of parliamentary government, the land that boasts of being under the most democratic government in the world, there are those who profess to see European antidemocratic fashions rearing their fearsome heads, the power of the "Mosher of Parliament" weakening in the face of other elements in the British realm.

Underwood

PRIMO DE RIVERA

The Spanish dictator has had his hands full recently with another revolution

To be sure, they do not maintain that any person or group of persons exercises in England the powers of dictatorship as they have come to be felt more and more in the countries across the English channel. Nevertheless, these gloomy ones shake their heads and hint at the existence of something like invisible dictators, subtly and stealthily making British legislators serve their ends.

In view of this sort of thing, are not Americans justified in taking a rather more searching look around Europe than is their wont, in order to find out whether the moths of dictatorship have put in an appearance inside the linings and around the buttonholes of still other European governments.

FRANCE? "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" still reign there, though it must be admitted that Monsieur Poincaré has such a distinctly dictatorial touch now and then that one rather expects to see the famous French republican motto changed to "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, Poincaré."

Germany? Paradoxical though it may seem, the erstwhile land of the Hohenzollerns must be accorded a clean bill of health. The German Republic is about as good an example of democracy as post-war Europe can show. No party in that republic is entirely without power; and every party is so talkative and combative that often the Reichstag is less like a parliament than a cat fight. Yes, Germany must get a high mark as a dictatorless democracy.

Which also applies to Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland—but, then, they are always near the top of the class when it comes to keeping their democratic slates clean.

The Baltic republics? Not doing so badly. Rumania, Bulgaria, Austria? All's quiet along the Danube, so far as they are concerned. Turkey? Well, Kemal is pretty much the real thing in dictators but he belongs rather to Asia than to Europe. Greece? Keep an eye on Venizelos!

In fact, that advice might be amplified to read: Keep an eye on all Europe! The ship of European democracy is breasting heavy seas just now. Dictators, like thunderstorms, often leap out of a clear sky. Who can say whence the next one will spring? Instead of some born fire-eater from the Balkans, he may be a rotund Hollander, tired of dozing and pipe smoking, or a Swiss, driven mad by counting tourists.

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The Trend of Events

Sea Law

MR. BORAH has set the editors of the country by the ears. When he proposed that the bill to authorize and begin the construction of fifteen cruisers and a plane carrier be amended, his plan seemed at first to be innocent enough. His amendment simply states that Congress favors the codification, before 1931 (the date of the conference on reduction of naval armaments), of war-time sea law. Those who oppose the bill welcomed this amendment as a step toward substituting law for war. But no sooner was the bill seen to be in a fair way to passage than the controversy over the proposal of the Senator from Idaho boiled up.

It may not be exactly a controversy between the tender-minded idealists and the tough-minded realists, but it approximates that. At least all those who think that good will and a good example are better defenses than guns and tonnage are on one side and those who prefer to have good will well armed are pretty much on the other. "Big navy bullies!" you can hear one side mentally shouting in O'Neill-like asides. "Craven pacifists" is the unmistakable retort.

Now, curiously, all this is not over the question of whether we should authorize cruisers or whether we should have a sea-law conference. Nobody seems to object seriously to either cruisers or conference. It is all over the question which should come first. Shall we first start building the cruisers and then say to Britain, "Let's confer about the freedom of the seas?" or shall we first say "Let's agree about the freedom of the seas," and then, in case of failure, start building our cruisers? Both sides virtually agree that the cruisers should be authorized and that the conference should be urged. Neither side believes that any other country wants to attack us or that we would attack any other country. There is one contingency that both sides wish to provide against, and that is one in which we as a neutral power might find our ships seized on the high seas, or blockaded, by a belligerent. How shall we provide against that contingency? Shall we depend mainly on strengthening our navy or shall we depend mainly on getting other nations to guarantee that our ships will not be held up?

There is no danger to the United States, runs one argument; why then hurry with our cruisers? If we start a naval race we shall end all chance of a conference to establish sea law. We shall at best be providing against a "cloudy eventuality." Neither President Coolidge nor President-to-be Hoover wants naval vessels on the ways; what each wants is the right to put them on the ways in case of failure in negotiations. Besides, to spend the money now when a conference may make the cruisers unnecessary would be

Wide World

COLONEL H. L. STIMSON

Governor-General of the Philippines, who is thought by many to be chosen as Secretary of State

wasteful. It is true that our ships would be at the mercy of a belligerent in war time; but the way out is by getting a law that would free our ships. England is evidently ready to come to an understanding. She does not want us to build, for she recognizes our latent sea power and would be glad to end competition before it begins. Have we not the boldness to experiment with peace? Let us give diplomacy another chance. If the experiment fails, then we can not only build but outbuild any other nation.

We have given diplomacy a chance, is the reply. The Geneva Conference failed. The Anglo-French understanding, though it lapsed, showed how little other nations care for our good example. Cruisers on the ways will not hamper negotiations. On the contrary they will show that we mean business. A formidable navy is the best argument we can present for limiting armaments. Aside from that, we need the cruisers anyway. Even the proposed number of cruisers would not end the present disparity. Let us lessen the disparity first. Freedom of the seas is possible only to those who have the power to claim it. Without the time clause, stating just when we shall begin building each group of cruisers, the authorization would be an empty gesture. The question of the freedom of the seas is too big to be settled off-hand. England is not going to concede to us the abandonment of her policy of centuries just because we demand it of her. The Borah plan is the reverse of the Roosevelt principle of speaking softly and carrying a big stick; it is carrying a feather and roaring like a lion. The self-respecting and patriotic thing to do is to build the cruisers that our fleet needs. That will not prevent us or any other people from undertaking to codify the law of the sea.

With but one or two exceptions, the debaters on both sides assume that there is no solution to be found for this problem of sea law in the Kellogg Pact renouncing war. They assume that rights at sea will remain a matter of dispute between two naval powers that are both concerned only with self-defense. And only very incidentally is there any suggestion that the underlying cause of such a dispute would be competition for world markets. A passage of the Cruiser Bill will therefore end only one stage of this discussion. There will still remain a division between those who emphasize hope and those who emphasize experience in international policy. It is a new form of the old tug-of-war between the ideals of a practical people and the common sense of an idealistic one.

Meanwhile, Germany has presented a surprise to the advocates of naval accords by building a new type of cruiser. Not being bound by the Washington Conference treaties and having kept within the bounds set by the Versailles Treaty, she is free to do so. While the

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United States, France, Great Britain and Japan have been arguing about numbers of 10,000-ton cruisers with either 6 or 8-inch guns, she has constructed a heavily armored 9,000-ton cruiser with 11-inch guns which could blow any number of larger cruisers with smaller guns out of the water if it could get within range. Thus she has created a very pretty new problem for naval strategists that is likely to bedevil and confuse conferences for some time to come.

War Damages and Debts

THE DAMAGES Germany must pay to the Allies for the war and the debts the Allies must pay to the United States are not to be discussed together in the meetings of the economic experts gathering in Paris to devise a final plan for German reparations. To that extent the contention of the United States that there is no connection between war damages and war debts is to be respected. But the Allies have agreed, according to reports from London, to indicate to the experts that any final plan, to be acceptable, must provide German payments for as many years as the Allies must continue payments to the United States. With that condition, they will be quite content to have the two problems regarded as distinct and separate. The practical end of establishing a time relation between Allied and German payments will be achieved. If the experts agree, this means that the war damage payments must run for some sixty years, unless the Allies and the United States come to an agreement to shorten the periods of payment set in the debt funding treaties.

Once the term for German payments were fixed, it might be expected that the next step would be the scheme to write off a large portion of the reparations account, and through it of the war debt account, by the frequently discussed international sale of the German industrial and railroad bonds created by the Dawes Plan.

The President's Valedictories

IN WHAT may prove to be the last two important speeches of his career as President, Mr. Coolidge appeared in contrasting rôles.

In the first of these two addresses, which was delivered before the Government's business organization, consisting of officials and employees in the executive departments, President Coolidge reviewed with pride the record of economy in the administration of the Government. Only incidentally did he refer to anything outside of purely business efficiency. He warned the country against any departure from that economy that is the basis of administrative integrity as well as general prosperity. The widespread praise which has been accorded this speech in the press shows how strongly Mr. Coolidge has impressed upon the country his views of public thrift.

A few days later in Florida he made a speech of dedication at a Singing Tower erected by Edward W. Bok, "an American by adoption" in memory of his parents. The place where this tower stands near Mountain Lake is a bird sanctuary. In the tower is a carrillon

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

Will the torpedo hit its mark?

of sixty-one bells. Here the President laid emphasis upon the value of the imponderables. Material prosperity, of which he has made himself custodian, was in this speech of his set forth as merely a means to the wider enjoyment of liberty and beauty. Great wealth, he held, brings less power than ever before, for wealth no longer brings distinction. He gloried in the belief that the people in this country have been worthy of the power they have acquired and the sovereignty they exercise.

Public Office a Private Debt

ONE OF THE REFORMS awaiting the action of the Hoover Administration is the cleaning up of the scandalous condition attending the Republican distribution of Federal patronage in the South. It is an old scandal; but it is conspicuous particularly during Presidential nomination campaigns and the beginning of the term of each new Republican President. Mr. Hoover took notice of it in his speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, during the campaign when he said that he believed that "appointive offices must be filled by those who deserve the confidence and respect of the communities they serve."

Some light on the condition with which Mr. Hoover will have to deal in putting his belief into practice has been shed by an investigation which has been carried on in a committee room of the Senate Office Building. There Senator Smith W. Brookhart and two colleagues have been investigating charges that Federal offices are sold to the highest bidder below Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Brookhart's committee was appointed before the Senate adjourned last May and immediately journeyed to Georgia for a series of hearings. In December it re-assembled to investigate the astute job salesmanship of "Tieless Joe" Tolbert, Republican National Committeeman, Federal marshal and patronage boss of South Carolina. More recently Mr. Brookhart and his colleagues have turned their attention to Perry W. Howard, negro patronage referee of Mississippi and former special assistant to the Attorney-General, who was suspended by Mr. Sargent after Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt had secured an indictment against him in July for violating the Federal Patronage Acts.

Mr. Hoover, it is reported, has been importuned by politicians to frown upon the Brookhart committee's activity, but Mr. Hoover, it is also reported, favors a full investigation.

Prohibition and Politics

THE PUNITIVE prohibition expedition which Senate Democrats sent against Secretary Mellon may yet have a far-reaching though unpremeditated effect upon the problem of dry-law enforcement. When Senator Harris of Georgia originally demanded an additional enforcement appropriation of $24,000,000, he did not expect his simple proposal to divide the drys, weaken their control of Congress, and tend to give President-elect Hoover, only recently chosen with the aid of millions of prohibitionists, a free hand in attacking the whole question.

Because of the division in their ranks the organized drys are less inclined to

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insist upon the adoption of their specific and drastic program by Mr. Hoover. For their fight was against him as well as President Coolidge. Mr. Mellon was the Horatio at the bridge, and he has given the next President a breathing spell in which he may conduct his proposed inquiry into enforcement and "abuses" that have grown up around the "experiment noble in motive." Moreover, the commission will not be committed to a definite conclusion or limited in its work, as would have been true had the Anti-Saloon League and its allies prevailed all along the line.

The split among the prohibitionists may become wider or narrower. It is still too early to determine the outcome, but temporarily at least, there exists a difference of opinion between "practical" and "fanatical" drys. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Virginia Democrat, and the League's higher officers headed the extremists, while members of the House hitherto loyal to "the cause" supported Mellon. The latter group subsequently justified their attitude by citing the approval which business men and other important contributors to the League gave to Mellon's attitude. And it may be that in their secret councils the dry generalissimos admit they made a strategical blunder, as the deserting political allies contended during the House debate.

There is also dissension among the wets. Led by Representative La Guardia of New York, one group voted for the appropriation on the ground that additional funds would fail to better conditions and thereby tend to discredit the dry laws. New York Democrats, however, supported Mellon, partly because thy feared the extra money might be spent in drying up the metropolis, and partly in resentment against a South which gave ex-Governor Smith only half-hearted support. More philosophical antis would have voted for a sum approximating the $300,000,000 proposed by Senator Bruce of Maryland in the hope that it would make enforcement onerous to the average taxpayer, whereas this argument could hardly be applied to the Harris figure.

Altogether Mr. Hoover has a better chance for his prohibition plans because of the falling out among the politicians.

▸▸The Prince and the Miners

THE VISIT of the Prince of Wales to the coal-mining districts in Durham and Northumberland was no condescending act done with the air of "See how the heir to the Throne honors you." It was a very human and deeply moved Edward the Prince and Edward the man who exclaimed "What a ghastly mess it is!" When Theodore Roosevelt visited Pennsylvania miners in 1910, it was, he said, chiefly in order to talk with the people in their homes; afterwards he exclaimed in Lincoln's phrase: "There is a deal of human nature in mankind."

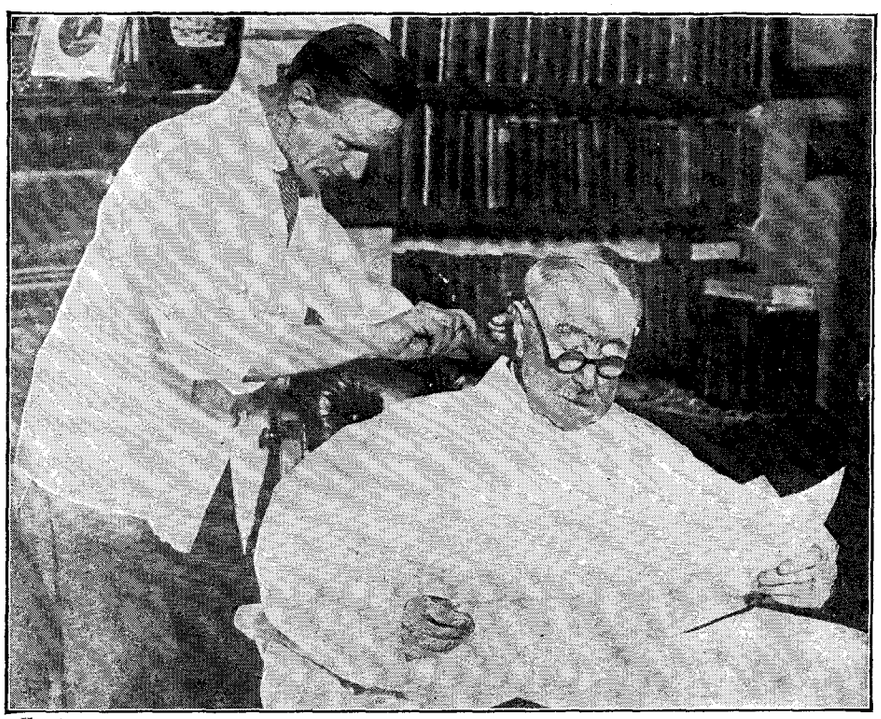
The royal visitor stood in two cottages where death was and where the bereaved knew not where to find money for the burial; he examined a pay slip showing that a gang of five men received twenty-nine shillings ($6.96) for a full week's work—not one man, all five. He asked a father of eight children if he couldn't get better shoes for his boy, and was told that the family had bought no clothes for years; he exclaimed, "These people would be better off on the dole than at work. These men do not go in the dole because they prefer to work and half-starve." He sternly exclaimed in reply to technical explanations, "This will have to be investigated." At the village of "Pity-Me" he declared, "This is absolute bedrock misery." Of living conditions in Brandon he said, "Positively damnable."

It is well that a prince should show his anger and sympathy; it is certain that all England will through this visit be led to see that this is more than an economic situation. Some British Hoover may now be found, first to organize relief for the suffering, then to discover some kind of solution to the grave economic problem.

Immigration to the Dominions is urged, but it is a partial solution at the best. Canada for instance, hopes it may find room for 6,000 farm workers this year, but in general the Minister of Immigration thinks that immigration should be restricted.

Every one knows that the English coal problem, like our own soft-coal problem, exists largely because of excess in the number of mines, great discrepancy in cost of mine production, the difficulty in making mine owners and mine workers see that profits and wages should both be lowered to meet the situation, and, in England's case, hard competition from the Continent in products made by aid of Continental coal.

The courage of the miners and their hope for an end to their distress were praised by the Prince over and over again. Miners and Prince are friends for life. Even Tory papers of the ultra Adam Smith type of political economy admit that starving is painful,



Keystone

THE "FATHER" OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

T. P. O'Connor working on his memoirs even while in the hands of the barber. He is now eighty-one years old

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even if it is strictly according to economic law. The next Parliament has a difficult but imperative task before it. What the Prince of Wales has done is to make sure that it will not be ignored.

London's Graft Scandal

IT IS BELIEVED that Viscount Byng's recent appointment to the command of the London police and detective force and the search into past police methods now going on before a Royal Commission are to be credited with the drastic action which led to the arrest and conviction of Mrs. Kate Merrick, owner of a London night club, the "43 Club," for bribing a police sergeant, of that officer, George Goddard, for accepting the bribe, and of Ribuffi, restaurant manager, for giving bribes.

In sentencing Mrs. Merrick and Ribuffi each to fifteen months hard labor and Goddard to eighteen months hard labor, Justice Sir Horace Avery denounced their conduct in severe terms. To Goddard, who is said to have acquired a small fortune by his crimes, Justice Avery said: "You have wrecked what might have been an honorable career in the police for the sake of filthy lucre."

It happens that this hostess is the mother-in-law of two peers and that this rather remote connection with the aristocracy made her night resort popular with people "socially elect." All the more the action of the police heads and the court shows that the war on graft and dissipation is in earnest.

There are signs of similar stringency in pursuing vigorously evil resorts in this country. A Connecticut judge sitting in a Federal Court in New York City, in the expressive words of a daily paper "slammed six night club men—two owners and four employees—so hard with prison sentences today that their very teeth rattled."

In New York as in London there were involved charges of police bribery.

Crime and Punishment

THE SUBJECT of crime and criminals engages the attention of the Nation at the present moment. President-elect Hoover's proposed prohibition inquiry, according to the press, may be broadened to include a survey of the general field of Federal law enforcement, with particular emphasis on violations associated with prohibition. The gangsters of Chicago, the $10,000,000 police-protected rum ring in Philadelphia, and ramifications of the Rothstein murder in New York reflect the need of a comprehensive mobilization of the forces of society against those who break its laws.

But it appears from a report now before Congress that we are neglecting a most important phase of the problem of crime. Following a year's investigation of the Federal penal system, as well as 1,100 local jails, workhouses, and lockups, a special committee of the House finds that a "serious crisis" exists. There is a serious shortage of prisons, almost no probationary system, unhealthy and "deplorable" conditions, overcrowding and idleness in prisons where our lawbreakers are placed upon conviction.

This picture has raised the disquieting question of what may be expected from successful law enforcement unless the whole system of punishment is revised. This does not necessarily mean a return to the pampering philosophy in such vogue a few years ago. But unless the spirit and atmosphere of our penal system are changed, the logical result of more effective law enforcement will be only the construction of more prisons. Little of a remedial nature can be expected under present conditions. Our penal system, the committee reports, tends to harden new offenders and embitter old timers. Both Leavenworth and Atlanta penitentiaries now hold twice as many men as they can accommodate. "In both these institutions," says the report, "there exists the vicious practice of 'doubling-up,' or placing two prisoners in single cells." And what of many local jails, where mischievous boys as well as stray convicts are frequently lodged? "There is in many places no separation of the guilty from the innocent, the sick from the well, the young from the old, or the hardened criminal from impressionable first offenders."

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

Fun for everybody, evidently

Despite the tendency of the present Congress to avoid new or controversial questions, the committee has asked immediate action on its recommendations. These embody three major ideas: Construction of additional prisons and expansion of the scanty probationary system; more extensive employment of prisoners at road camps and in manufacture within each institution; more careful classification through a psychopathic examination upon conviction, and the establishment of narcotic farms.

The Proxy War

BY ENGAGING Charles Evans Hughes, former Justice of the United States Supreme Court and Secretary of State, the proxy committee headed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made evident the vigor with which it is undertaking to displace Colonel Robert W. Stewart as chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. When Mr. Rockefeller decided that Colonel Stewart's connection with the Continental Oil Company deal and his subsequent testimony at a Senate committee hearing warranted a request for his resignation, there was little doubt of Mr. Rockefeller's earnestness. There certainly can be no doubt of it now.

As counsel in Indiana, the Rockefeller committee will have as its attorney Henry H. Hornbrook of Indianapolis. Together Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hornbrook will look after the legal interests of the committee and see that no technical mistakes are made. The effect of the engagement of so eminent a counsel as Mr. Hughes in bringing support to Mr. Rockefeller's side is not to be ignored in estimating its significance. Indeed, that aspect of the matter has been recognized by some on the opposing side in the statements made that the employment of Mr. Hughes indicates the need that Mr. Rockefeller feels for reinforcement.

To the professed surprise of Colonel Stewart, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has come out in moral support of his son. Though the elder Rockefeller owns no stock of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, he has made a public announcement that he approves what his son is doing and thus has answered Colonel Stewart's doubts that his old chief will take sides in the fight.

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The part that Mr. Hughes is taking in this struggle is a reminder of the fact that Mr. Hughes's first attainment of public eminence was through his action in directing the investigation that made it necessary for the insurance companies twenty-three years ago to clean house.

Dollars Versus Vegetables

MEANWHILE, another colorful proxy fight was being launched for voting control of the Childs Company, which operates a chain of 125 restaurants throughout the country. William Childs, seventy-year-old chairman of the board of directors, precipitated the struggle by summarily discharging the president of the company, together with the secretary-treasurer and counsel. The ousted three, charges Mr. Childs, have been conspiring to wrest control from him. Pending the results of the annual meeting on February 7, he has replaced them with members of his own family.

Despite denials by Mr. Childs, it appears that his espousal of vegetarianism is at the bottom of the struggle. When his brother, Samuel Childs, died, William took over supervision of the menus. A vegetarian himself, he began a crusading campaign to sell vegetarianism to his patrons. Magically, menus in the Childs restaurants blossomed forth with strange vegetable dishes. The carnivorous customer might still find his old favorites, but he also found that Mr. Childs had distilled the meat from them. The crusader even contrived a vegetable salt to take the place of its mineral brother.

But other officers of the company did not share Mr. Childs's herbivorous enthusiasms. More, it was represented that the alleged difficulty of getting a good square meal in a Childs restaurant was hurting business. A fight ensued, and last November meat quietly returned to the menus. Now Mr. Childs announces that reports of his intention to banish meat once more are misrepresentations. "My policy is to give the public what they want, in a most direct and efficient manner," he states. "I believe in letting the people choose for themselves what they want to eat."

Lo, the Richest Indian

PERIODICAL SHUDDERS have been running up and down the National capital since Jackson Barnett, an ancient Creek who is credited with being the world's richest Indian, took himself a wife and then deeded to her and to the American Baptist Home Missionary Society equal shares in a gift of $1,100,000. The Department of the Interior, which acts as guardian of the red man through its Bureau of Indian Affairs, approved the gifts. It also approved a little matter of legal fees amounting to $15,000 in one case and $150,000 in another. And thereby hangs an investigation.

The Federal Court in New York set aside the two gifts, though it allowed the legal fees, and a grand jury took matters in hand to decide whether criminal conspiracy proceedings should be instituted against the Bureau of Indian Affairs for mishandling Jackson Barnett's millions. According to testimony before a Senate Committee, Attorney-General Sargent halted the grand jury's activities at the request of Hubert Work, then Secretary of the Interior. Indian Commissioner Burke appeared before the investigating Senators. "Referring to the testimony brought out before the committee," he said, "I, Charles H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, deliberately charge a conspiracy on the part of Senator Pine to destroy me . . . " The committee investigated, exonerated Senator Pine, and Mr. Burke backed down on his charges.

But the committee is continuing its investigation. It has requested Mr. Sargent and Dr. Work to explain the mysterious quashing of the grand jury investigation. Jackson Barnett and the enterprising wife, who hurried her aged fiancé to a Kansas justice of the peace when Oklahoma officials refused a marriage license, have been subpœnaed. Finally, it appears, the Senate will get to the bottom of this case which has been hanging fire for half a dozen years.

Remarkable Remarks

If Jefferson were alive today and living in his own diocese, he would be on his way to jail. — H. L. MENCKEN.

If you want to get the best there is in life, keep away from the booze. BERNARR MACFADDEN.

The true American makes his laws and then complains bitterly when they are enforced.—W. O. MCGEEHAN.

It is easier to break a commandment than a habit.—"BUGS" BAER.

The professional fun-makers are often horribly unhappy.—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

I object to New York being painted as a scarlet woman and all that sort of bunk. It isn't true.—SENATOR BRUCE.

I write about real things and real people.—MAE WEST.

When a masterful man marries a managing woman the angels stuff cotton in their ears.—HELEN ROWLAND.

We do not know how, but when the time comes a wisdom greater than ours will take care of the population problem.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Being broke is one of the stepping stones to success.—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Smoke and Sunlight

BACK IN THE theoretically "good old days" it was considered entirely proper for garbage and other refuse to be dumped into the street. No one concerned himself with the possibility that this might be injurious to the public health.

Unquestionably the day will come when society will view the smoke nuisance in the same light. It will be quick to punish the industrialist or the home owner who sends clouds of soot into the air and cuts off the life-giving rays of the sun. Already, in every large American city, antismoke ordinances are on the books or being considered. It is now well known that not only infants, ever faced with rickets, but adults as well need the benefit of sunlight.

The question of abating the evil of smoke was a chief topic at the National Conference on Housing in America held in Philadelphia. It was agreed that city residents, who have long suffered from the lack of sunshine, must be given relief, and the only debate was on the best way of bringing this about. An engineer said that technical minds must be called in and smoke eliminated by cutting out the waste which smoke entails. He felt that public-health measures, unless supported by public opinion, would be futile. The social and health experts at the conference insisted, however, that drastic legislation was necessary.

The lack of sunlight is a problem now

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faced by all American cities. New York, once proud because her air was clear, learned how to use soft coal during an anthracite shortage. The city's health inspectors are utterly unable to enforce proper precautions in burning it, and the city is more filthy than ever before. Not only has New York become uglier but, as all doctors agree, less healthful.

▸▸Reconstituting Jugoslavia

"KING, your country needs you!" is the slogan for the year in Jugoslavia.

The act by which King Alexander dissolved the Parliament, abrogated the Constitution that regulated the government of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and set up a Cabinet dictatorship responsible only to himself has been followed by the disbanding of all the political parties.

Even the Radical Party, which played a leading part in the establishment of the triune state, has suffered the same fate as its opponents. The funds, furniture and records of the parties have been confiscated. Even political clubs of students are dissolved. All party activity in the country is stopped.

The Croat Peasant spokesman, Dr. Matchek, declares that the aim of the Croats is home rule, not separation from Jugoslavia. Meanwhile King Alexander has announced his intention to proceed with the formulation of a new constitution.

Apparently, only two motives can be relied upon to hold Jugoslavia together —loyalty to the throne and fear of Italy, whose Fascist dictator has neglected to renew the treaty of friendship that for five years has safeguarded their relations.

▸▸Birth Control

NOT LONG AGO the United Neighborhood House, a social welfare organization in New York, renewed its proposal that the city's ancient tenements be either remodeled or vacated entirely. At about the same time the press carried stories of a poverty-stricken family living in one of these old structures. There were in all ten people in the family. They lived in three unheated rooms. One child had died a week or so before, and the entire family had been forced to get along on $24 a week.

From this the moral is drawn that the so-called old-law tenements must be torn down and the proposal is made that by 1935 airless and lightless rooms shall no longer exist in New York. No one will deny, of course, that the story of the pitiful family of ten is a reason for ending the slums, but is this the whole story? It is questionable whether any housing can be built to take care of families where the father earns only $20 to $30 a week and yet has ten children.

The problem is more complicated than that. Nor is it enough merely to say that wages should be raised. Is it part of the conspiracy which surrounds birth control that, in the newspapers commenting on this case, no mention was made of limitation of families?

▸▸Flying Birthdays

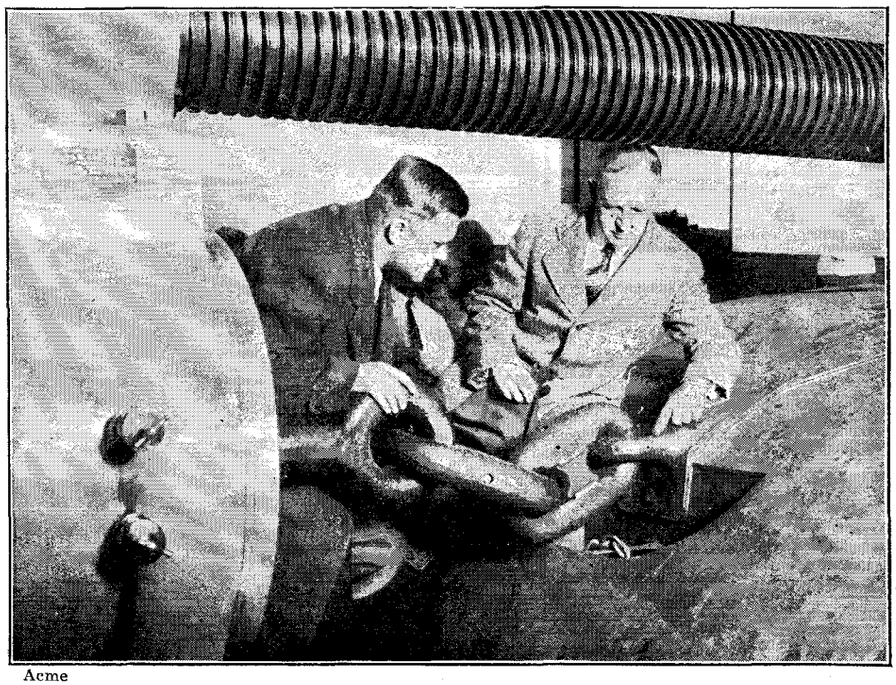
ALTHOUGH AVIATION was a quarter century old last December, there are two memorable flying birthdays in 1929. One is the tenth anniversary of commercial aviation, officially launched in England on May 1, 1919; the other, the fifth birthday of the American transcontinental air mail. Both events are milestones in the tremendous postwar development of flying.

Late in January, America's first airplane time-table appeared. The twelve-page folder is similar to a railroad time-table and shows the arrival and departure of planes in eighty cities. Twenty thousand passenger air miles are clicked off daily in the United States, the folder reveals; the total of daily commercial air miles is 18,000 more.

While improvements are daily making plane and engine safer for the air traveler, New York State is not neglecting the most important ally and enemy of flying—the weather. A joint legislative committee has recommended the establishment of fourteen weather bureaus throughout the State to keep pilots posted on conditions under and above the ceiling. The Federal Government—lately become air-minded itself—has promised to defray the expense of telegraphing two daily weather reports from each station; broadcasting stations have pledged co-operation.

One important development on the fifth anniversary of the air mail will be the completion of the air and rail route across the continent, which cuts down the time to three days. Great Britain, at the same time, is cutting the time from London to Karachi, India, from thirty to six days by the inauguration of an air-rail service. Planes will carry the passenger from London to Basel, Switzerland, where a night train will be waiting to take him to the Italian Coast. A seaplane will make the hop across Greece to Basra at the head of the Persian Gulf, whence a land plane will cover the remaining distance to Karachi. The service will begin on April 1.

And although aviation has frequently



Acme

TESTING "PAD EYES" AT THE BUREAU OF STANDARDS

Steel safety loops proposed for submarines, to which pontoon lifting chains may be attached to pull them to the surface in case of accidents

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been adjudged uneconomical for short hauls, the Coastal Airways Company plans to open a service for commuters from Coney Island and Gravesend Bay to the tip of Manhattan Island—a distance of less than ten miles. The planes will land at the Battery; the tariff will be $75 a month or $4 for a single one-way trip.

▸▸Younger Set in the Air

NOR IS 1929 without its records. Following the feat of the Question Mark, the Army Fokker which stayed in the air for six days and nights with periodic refuelings, there is a sharp competition in the younger flying set for the women's endurance record. Miss Viola Gentry held it first. Miss Bobby Trout of California wrested it from her early in January. An hour before dawn on January 31, Miss Elinor Smith, seventeen-year-old enthusiast, landed at Mitchel Field, Long Island, after remaining in the air thirteen hours, sixteen minutes and forty-five seconds to establish a new record. Later that day Miss Gentry, anxious for her lost laurels, crashed in an attempted take-off at Roosevelt Field, Long Island. Spectators rushed with fire extinguishers to rescue her from a possible fire in her wrecked plane. Three years ago René Fonck, French war ace, crashed in the same spot on a tragic take-off for France. His mechanician and radio operator were burned to death. Miss Gentry, however, had "cut" her motor, and there was no fire.

▸▸Another City Experiment

NON-PARTISANSHIP has long been held up as an ideal for city government. On that ideal is based a bill, proposed by the Citizens' Union of New York, which would permit any city of the State to abolish party primaries for municipal elections and substitute independent nominations. Some cities of the State, by special laws or charter provisions, have the privilege of selecting their city officials by non-partisan methods; but this bill would extend this privilege to any city that might wish it.

On the general principle that home rule is good for deciding local questions, this bill would seem to have merit. How can the people of a city correct the mismanagement of its affairs if they are not free to take the measures that seem to them best? And why should New York City, the biggest city of the hemisphere as well as of the State, be denied a measure of home rule that has been granted to other cities? The only basis for a refusal of this liberty to New York—or any other city—would seem to be based on the assumption that the city is unfit to make its own major decisions. But whether New York, after getting this liberty would be wise to substitute non-partisan nominations for party primaries is another question.

In the small town the individual office holder can easily be known, his actions scrutinized by his neighbors, and his record submitted to popular judgment. In a big community—whether a huge city, or a State, or a Nation, even important office holders are lost in the mass. It is for that reason that we have party government in State and Nation;

Underwood

ELINOR SMITH

She recently established a new solo endurance flight record for women

because the voters, not knowing the individuals in office, can hold the parties that vouch for them responsible. It is not necessary, even though it is natural, that municipal parties should be constituent parts of State or National parties. Though parties themselves do often become corrupt and their bosses become skilful in concealing incompetence and fraud, they can be held accountable and disciplined. There is thus a strong argument for the maintenance of some kind of party government even in cities.

Ever since James Bryce in his "American Commonwealth" wrote that "the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States," it has been taken for granted that American municipal government has been universally and continuously bad. Since then, however, there have been many attempts at improvement. What has worked well in one city has not always worked well in another; but cities do learn from other cities' experiences. The fate of the Citizens' Union proposal for New York may have an effect on the government of every big city of the country.

▸▸Saturation Point?

THE SATURATION POINT for the automobile industry seems as remote as ever. The latest report of the Department of Commerce puts 1928 production at 4,357,384 passenger cars and trucks. This breaks the record set in 1926 by an output of 4,301,134 vehicles and far overshadows the 1927 figures of 3,401,326 units.

Prominent executives in the industry are almost unanimous in predicting that 1929 production should top five million. Ford, which did not get fully under way until well along in the spring, will be going at full speed and prospects for foreign business are brighter than ever.

▸▸Fundamentalism in Hats

MODERNISM seems to be in for a hard battle east of Suez, despite the examples of China and Turkey; and the symbol of the Western spirit in the Mohammedan world, where it is most sharply challenged, is the hat. Orthodox Moslems wear turbans or fezes; progressive reformers favor derbies or soft felts. Two types of headgear have come to stand for two different attitudes of mind.

In Afghanistan the standpat turban party has won the first round of a fight against the reforming ruler, Emir Amanullah. Some of his attempts to remodel his realm according to Occidental principles seemed to be progressing; but when he tried to force men to wear trousers and hats and women to abandon seclusion and unveil their faces, the priests and conservative faithful tribesmen drove him from the throne and raised a somewhat rowdy but evidently regular rebel leader, Habibullah, to power in his place. So ended Amanullah's attempt to hurry one part of the East into general education, semi-democracy, and partial industrialism.

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In Persia Shah Reza Khan has learned a lesson from Amanullah's experience, and has bowed to objections from revolting tribes in the province of Arabistan against compulsory wearing of Occidental hats. He has declared that his subjects may wear either hats or turbans, as they like. Further he has exempted the rebel tribesmen from taxes and from surrendering their arms. But the hat and the point of view it represents seem to be the real reasons for the trouble. It is much as though some one tried to force anti-evolutionists to wear monkey-skin gloves.

Saving Cumberland Falls

THE QUESTION has been raised whether Federal authorities have the right to preserve scenic beauty. The Federal Power Commission has been asked by counsel for the Cumberland Hydro-electric Power Company to rule that the Commission has no right to base a refusal of a license for power exploitation of Cumberland Falls in Kentucky on the ground that the scenic beauty of the falls would be marred by the power project. In view of the history of the struggle to preserve Niagara Falls from ruin as one of the wonders of the world, it would seem rather late to deny that the Federal Government has any rights in beauty preservation, whether through the Commission or otherwise.

However this may be, the story of the effort to save Cumberland Falls is fine and stirring. It is told by Mr. Harlean James of the American Civic Association in the current "Review of Reviews." The people of the locality, at first inclined to welcome the supposed material benefits promised by the promoters, awakened to the fact that there, in the Daniel Boone wilderness country, was something that should not be destroyed. They had no money, but they started in to interest travelers by motor cars. The site of the Falls was difficult of approach. So they organized a volunteer, unpaid road crew; many citizens of the town of Corbin took a vacation from their regular work and built a "sky-line road" with a sturdy rustic bridge. Mr. James says that volunteers who differed in religion, politics and vocation united in the effort to preserve these beautiful falls for the honor of Kentucky.

The one right solution is to turn this delightful tract into a State park; and if the power invaders are repelled, this can and will be done, for Senator du Pont of Delaware, a native of Kentucky, has offered to give $200,000 to buy and turn over to the State this area for the use and enjoyment of the people. The beauty and outdoor lure of such a State park is just as truly an asset as is electric power.

"Condemned Unheard"

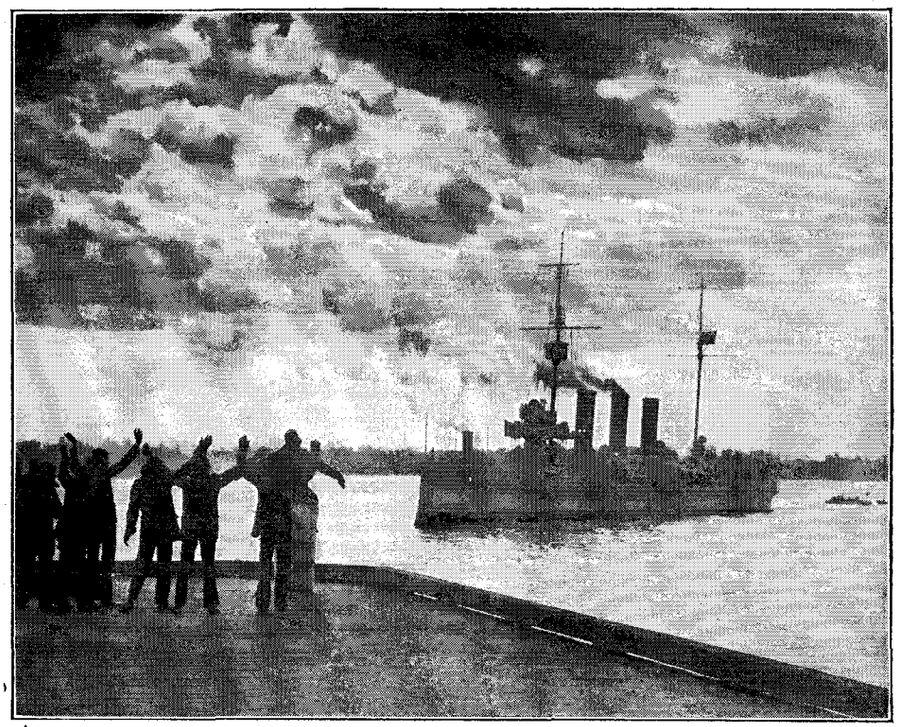
WHAT IS TO become of the Salvation Army? Is it to be under the supreme control of a General, each commander in chief to be named by his predecessor, with removal possible only through the action of a High Council difficult to gather from all parts of the earth and restricted by the deeds and legal liens with which, the founder, General William Booth bound it down?

When in this country in 1896 Ballington Booth broke away from the Salvation Army and founded the Volunteers of America, it was largely because the finances of the American Salvation Army were controlled by one man in London. Ballington Booth was then urged to take the matter into the courts, but filial and "military" considerations made this repugnant to him. Later the Salvation Army here was incorporated under American law. The evidence grows stronger as the present dissension goes on that there is a large section of the world's Salvation Army that is thoroughly dissatisfied with a dictatorship confined to a family.

The English court before which the question of the deposition of General Bramwell Booth was brought has ruled (and apparently quite justly) that the High Council did not give General Booth proper opportunity to present evidence refuting the High Council's allegation that because of old age and ill health he was unfit to hold command. For this reason the injunction asked by General Booth's supporters is made permanent. Until the fault in their procedure is corrected, the High Council is therefore restrained from naming a successor to the Commander in Chief and the larger question of democratizing the Salvation Army remains in suspense.

The Lady Boss

WHETHER the accusation is true or not, it is obvious that women in politics are advancing when it can be charged that one of them is a "czar." From Springfield, Illinois, comes word of a dispute in which Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill, the first woman State Representative in Illinois, has resigned the Vice Presidency of the Illinois Republican Women's Club. Mrs. O'Neill de-



Acme

WELCOME TO AMERICA

Sailors at the Philadelphia Navy Yard waving their greetings to the cadets on the Swedish training ship, Fylgia, during its visit to this country

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clares that the hand of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Illinois Congresswoman-elect, has interfered with her and with other women in the party.

Mrs. McCormick's "ambition for power brooks no interference," Mrs. O'Neill said. She added that Mrs. McCormick is "Mark Hanna's daughter with his desire to boss." The incident seems to have caused considerable excitement and no little worry to the Republican politicians of Illinois. From Washington Mrs. McCormick denies all of the imputations except, "that I am Mark Hanna's daughter." Meanwhile Mrs. McCormick is preparing to take her seat in the special session of Congress due to be called by Mr. Hoover.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE SORRY that Herbert Hoover deemed it essential to his continued friendly relations with the present Administration to treat so unchivalrously that Peter Pannish spirit in the House of Representatives, the Honorable Fred A. Britten of Chicago.

We do not refer to Mr. Hoover's repudiation of the Congressman's statement placing the President-elect on record in opposition to the President's demand for postponement of cruiser construction. Our complete understanding of Mr. Britten's real purpose leads us to believe that one more repudiation will not worry him. We have seen him repudiated before, and by men quite as high stationed as the man at Miami. But what grieves us, and we know that it wounds the gentleman from Chicago, is the President-elect's failure to mention the Congressman's name in his telegram to the White House.

Fred's racket, as we perceived long ago, is publicity; we consider him the Ivy Lee of official life at the capital. By comparison with him the numerous lovers of the limelight who sit in the Cabinet and Congress are amateurs. Mr. Britten's efforts to promote himself into the headlines have been so uniformly successful that we think his talents in that respect should be given wider play. We have good reason to believe that President Coolidge, President-elect Hoover, Prime Minister Baldwin, delightful Sir Esme Howard and Secretary Kellogg, among others, would rejoice if he would shift his publicity paraphernalia to fields other than those of National politics and international diplomacy. For it was Mr. Britten, ex-prizefighter, wealthy contractor and now chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, who innocently enough precipitated the international incident that upset our State Department, the British Foreign Office and several European chancelleries a short while ago. That, we submit, is quite a record, and the session is still young.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

Anyhow, it must have been interesting

We understand Fred, and realize that he means no harm to anybody, wanting only headlines. Unfortunately, the people who must depend on solemn and skeletonized newspaper accounts of his activities do not enjoy our point of view. So, when he proposed that members of Congress and the British Parliament meet in Canada to discuss disarmament and remove that absorbing question from the desks of duly accredited and appointed diplomats, it created an international sensation. It spoiled Secretary Kellogg's very good golf game, disturbed the serenity at the White House and placed Sir Esme in a decidedly uncomfortable position. That is the picture which Mr. Britten's audience out front saw as the cables burned between our State Department and Downing Street. But while these dignitaries were denouncing this bold Robin Hood of international politics, we saw him lolling back in his swivel chair in the House Office Building, his arms behind his head and his legs curled under him, poring over a stack of freshly cut clippings and consulting volunteer advisers among the press correspondents on what he should do next to maintain his front-page monopoly.

Therefore, we find it difficult to understand how Mr. Hoover could fall for Fred's baiting. He might have known that the canny Mr. Coolidge would immediately discern the headline in the woodpile, and perhaps get some grim amusement out of the situation. We do not know that Mr Hoover's advisers here were greatly disturbed at his revival of the Ananias Club originally founded by Theodore Roosevelt. They think he should have sent private assurance of his views to the President with a request that the White House spokesman, if he thought it necessary, handle Mr. Britten. Yet we find few who blame the Chicago member for receiving "the impression" he did. We know many others who have conferred with the President-elect since his election without learning what ideas are housed behind his forehead.

We predict many more misunderstandings, and a fairly large roster for the Ananias Club, unless Mr. Hoover overcomes his habit of nodding and yessing during an interview of an hour's duration or more. Were it not for another unfortunate experience Mr. Hoover has had with advocates of a big navy, the Britten incident might be classed as humorous rather than significant. But the two episodes may develop in Hoover, who seems to be quite sympathetic toward an adequate navy, a prejudice against what we call "the big navy state of mind."

We understand that while Hoover was still on the western coast of South America, he moved vigorously and promptly to countermand Secretary Wilbur's order directing that the Pacific Fleet, in the coming spring maneuvers, follow the trail of the goodwill mission. The Hoover party saw and heard the unfavorable reaction to our Monroe Doctrine below the Equator, where the sight of an American man-of-war on the horizon seems to give the inhabitants conniption fits. Hoover, according to our informant, suggested that our navy might better keep off, and his advice was followed. For some unknown reason the press made no or little mention of the incident. Maybe George Barr Baker, Reserve Commander in Mr. Coolidge's navee and Mr. Hoover's public relations counsel, would not let it.

A. F. C.

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The Black Derby

By DAVID CARB

Some years ago a hat manufacturer, we are told, informed his friends very solemnly that a return of the derby hat would mean a return of old-fashioned morality. With it would come the stiff collar; with it the jazz age would wane. Mr. Carb agrees at least partially with the hat man. And romance, too, is reappearing.
The author is dramatic critic of "Vogue"

ON AND OVER the face of it black derbies and corn-cob pipes are totally unrelated. Any connection between them, sartorially or esthetically, if it could exist would be exceedingly strained. Even an accidental juxtaposition would seem incongruous. But as an indication of which way the wind of popular mood is blowing at this moment there is a very definite connection.

I happen to smoke a corn-cob pipe—because of one of those casual accidents which so deeply affect our lives. A youth in Texas, my first behind-the-barn contact with tobacco came through a corn-cob. I continued to draw on it during my novitiate mainly because it was the only smoke I had had experience with. As my confidence grew I attempted to conform to the prevailing prejudices. A briar, a meerschaum, a calabash, cigarettes, cigars—after experiments with various and sundry I returned, very likely because familiarity breeds confidence, to the first weapon. But with reservations; never in strange company, in restaurants, at dinners—it wouldn't have been the thing to do, would have embarrassed my companions. And incidentally, myself.

But when youth had passed and I settled, so to speak, in New York where even the prominent enjoy a certain anonymity, I lost my self-consciousness, puffed my cob boldly—wherever it was not forbidden. And soon I was accused of trying to attract attention through eccentricity. My pipe, people said, was designed to serve the same purpose as Disraeli's bizarre waistcoats. The man who later was to become Prime Minister and managed to enchant that round repository of all the virtues—Victoria herself—simply by calling her his Faery Queen, had a habit when young of donning queer vests and parading before White's and other fashionable clubs. The attention of old gentlemen in the windows would be focused on them. "Who is that chap wearing the outlandish waistcoat?" one amused observer would inquire. "That," responded his neighbor, "That is Isaac Disraeli's son." "He is certainly taking drastic measures to be noticed," the first remarked. "But he is being noticed" was the reply.

I too was laughed at for striving by means of a shoddy, crude, ugly cob pipe to focus attention on myself.

The War ended; the Jazz Age bounded into the world, full armed from the head of something or other. And my corn-cob was no longer commented on except in puns; it was accepted as an indication of commendable rebellion against the bourgeois conformity of the dusty left-overs from another time. It became a charred badge of courage and I, through it, was regarded as "belonging." Men questioned me seriously about its virtues, demanded an estimate of its advantages; women asked me to let them puff it awhile, to break one in for them. It seemed to fit in admirably with shoulder-shaking songs about red-hot mammas and their generous sugar daddies, with short, sheath dresses and the hip flask epidemic. It was welcomed wherever I was welcome.

Recently I have been requested in several places not to smoke the thing. And some folks have muttered as they did years ago about "people who labor to be odd." The whole business was once summed up by a poilu. He was curious about my pipe, had never seen anything like it. In my halting French I explained it was carved from the wood of the maize. He took it in his hand, turned it about, regarded it this way and that, over and above; his eyes narrowed critically: *"C'est bien original,"* he remarked, *"mais c'est pas élégant."*

THAT PHRASE not only describes my pipe—it is an excellent description of the tone of our society in recent years. We have certainly not been elegant. But when you come to think of it we have not been original either.

For the past decade everything but the Government and the finances of our democracy has been ruled by a *soi-disant* Intelligentsia. The members of that group have wielded the Big Sceptre and their most effective agent has been cynicism working through the wise-crack. By derision, swagger, reversing all previous standards, by a flagrant use of skepticism, by unmerciful laughter and the reckless employment of the deadly shrug—by all sorts of negative means they made us ashamed of any manifestation of emotion. Next to "sentimentality," "sentimental" became the most damning word in the language. That was the era of the sway of the columnist, of the liberal whose liberalism consisted in dubbing any one with an intense belief a Babbitt, of the reign of the foot-and-head-loose.

Now, rapidly, the power of that Intelligentsia is waning and the Elegentsia are timidly approaching the seat of power. They bear as their crest, their coat of arms, perched cockily atop their flag pole the Black Derby.

JUST AS the brown derby once symbolized the cheap politician, the pool-room bully, the race track tout,—not to mention Raymond Hitchcock and George M. Cohan with their gray bowlers jauntily askew—so now the secure landing of its rotund black brother on the heads of our busiest and best presages a new domination in our life and manners. The resurrection into popularity of the ugliest piece of headgear ever devised foreshadows the dawning of a more rigid day. Perhaps a romantic or a sentimental day, and—one shudders at the very thought—possibly a revised "Godey's Lady's Book" will become the required textbook of Society!

The idea is not so fantastic as it seems. Consider how short a time ago to call a thing Victorian was enough to consign it to the lowest landing in Limbo. The moderns demanded conformity, according to their fashion: nonconformity was the rule, *laissez-faire* the slogan—"Let be so long as you be my way," was the mark we toed. At present one may be almost Victorian and, except for a few sniffs, live unmolested. I predict that soon a Victorianism adapted to the sophistication which is created by a mystery of mechanism will be the vogue.

The World War violently shattered Victorianism. A social system like a

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building when blown up is a mass of inchoate debris. Children of all ages then play among the ruins. The social debris left by the War was taken possession of by gamins; as during the Restoration and the Commune the most accomplished nose thumber, rock thrower, dust raiser was elevated to leadership. Cacaphony in music, art, behavior and literary style, the scornful denial of social codes and restraints, license in speech, clothes and conduct—those were the order—or disorder, if you will—of the day. Vulgarity was considered good form, cynicism became the open sesame to intellectual circles, shoddiness was cultivated, the barbaric exalted, lack of taste considered good taste, mannerisms manners—taken all together they formed what we proudly called modernism. The old people indulged in melancholy head-shakes; the young ones snapped their fingers.

But even for the young it was exceedingly strenuous. The blare deafened; the wild color combinations wearied the eye. But the fundamental trait of human beings—that consideration on which the family and the state rest—began gradually to pull at people. And the natural law of change was still functioning. A reaction is now setting in; it must be manifest to even the most ardent adherents of the rampageous régime.

EVIDENCES of this change are everywhere. If you stroll along Fifth Avenue today you will observe on all sides that the *danse macabre* is giving way. The gowns displayed in the show windows of the smart couturiers are departing from the practical unlovely dresses of yesterday. They are fuller, longer, more bouyant, decorated delightfully with delicate feminine frills—ribbon bows, laces, embroideries, soft capes, passementeries; they are striving for grace. Women are abandoning the futurist technique in coloring their faces; the chic ones are returning to the art which deceives, which conceals art. The blazing fire is fading to a steady glow, the tender dawn of a new day is a welcome contrast to yesterday's flaming noon, a simulacrum of a blush has supplanted pigments laid on with a trowel, lips are once more assuming a soft rosiness after parading for nearly a decade as raw wounds. Hair is being worn longer, carefully arranged to frame the features. And more than anything else the ladies are slowly arriving at the knowledge which their mothers, all the way back to the one who abandoned leaves and wore grasses to cover her nakedness were aware of—that legs are fascinating largely in the imagination. So skirts are growing down.

MEN ALSO are headed toward manners and regulation. They are dressing on the slightest provocation or none. For dinner, for the theatre. The moth balls have been shaken out of tail coats, cutaways, silk hats; the starched collar is again au fait for morning and afternoon as well as evening wear. Neckties are assuming soberer shades. And round faces, lean faces, long faces, rugged faces, smooth faces, flat faces, wide faces are smugly crowned with rotund black derbies. And no one laughs or even smiles.

A man may be perfectly at ease in evening garments, may lounge and jest and cut up as usual, but he has a feeling of being dressed up; there is a little stiffness somewhere. Those of the old guard who do it every evening as regularly as they dine are not immune to that feeling; they have troubled themselves for something and that constitutes an event. Even dramatic critics nowadays like waiters sometimes don dinner jackets to go to their work. For day wear sloppiness is going out, as bootblacks, barbers and tailors will tell you.

More remarkable still, men are removing their headgear in the elevators of callous New York when a woman steps in. Not only prosperous looking men; the spirit of the new time is filtering down to the laboring classes. To cap it all, the bow from the hip is returning. Female reticence, male courtesy . . . . Shall we have Ps and Qs, "Oh, fie," "This is so sudden," "I must ask father"? Will those things return?

Hardly. But unquestionably we shall have a modern rendering of them. Indeed, we are beginning to have it already. And the manifold proofs do not come from clothes and manners alone; every phase of our life bears me out.

Diversions, for example. This whole decade, until the past season, the revue flourished almost to the exclusion of the musical comedy. A revue is a conglomerate of short, snappy numbers differing essentially from a vaudeville program in one respect only: in revues the same performers run through the show. The successes of last winter were "Show Boat," "The Connecticut Yankee," "Manhattan Mary," "Rosalie," "Good News," "The Three Musketeers" and the like, all built on definite stories, most of them romantic both in theme and in treatment. And the number of jazz songs from them which swept over the land was very much less than the sentimental ones. The biggest hit was "My Heart Stood Still." The spring's crop of musicals brought songs not far removed from "Just Break the News to Mother" and such turn-of-the-century tear producers. The sentiments differ of course—a contemporary audience would not be profoundly stirred by "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," the words of which clogged the throats of strong men and caused women to sniffle three decades ago. Such a lugubrious sentiment would doubtless evoke laughter among today's metropolitans. Yet would it? At the Winter Garden Grace La Rue warbled "Just Another Heart was Broken;" vast audiences swallowed it whole and hard, solemnly, without a titter—a close observer might have detected a surreptitious tear or two. However, those tears may be merely drippings from another age. In every respect but the brand of sentiment—simple melody, simple rhythm, tender feeling—the majority of the songs currently most sung and listened to draw from the same fount as those of thirty years ago. They aim to touch the heart rather than to set the shoulders shaking. Which suggests a variation of another song: Ain't it funny what a difference just a few moments make?

A number of last winter's popular plays were tinted rose—some shading into pink, others deepening to scarlet. "Coquette" makes much ado about a ruined girl, quite in the manner of two or three decades past. The craze for plays dealing with actors and their tribulations indicates a veer away from realism, a craving for glamour—the thread on which romance is strung. Dramas of negro life are in vogue for the same reason. And even melodrama to succeed these days must apparently be enveloped in an atmosphere strange to the patrons—"The Silent House," "Dracula" have drawn crowds.

BIOGRAPHIES of the older heroes are being widely read—Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, Hamilton, Disraeli, men who appealed strongly to the imagination of their day and who have gathered with the years a coating of irridescent dust. Heroicized tales of the Great War are already beginning to creep into print. The novel also is falling in line: "Dusty Answer" has

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been a best seller; its tone is weak Jane Austen. And the straight from the shoulder, reportorial, exposé method of Sinclair Lewis and his school is obviously losing its grip.

We move more quickly than our forefathers did. As a consequence, a mood or a state of mind comes into being and exhausts itself much faster. What required a generation in Seventeenth Century England and in Eighteenth Century France to wear itself out has lasted less than ten years with us. A whole table of statistics about the hurry of contemporary life and its effects could be made from that. But to one who might believe in statistics only if he could understand them the explanation of the shift in popular taste must come from other sources. The explanation of this particular one is, in my opinion, that hectic living and thinking is good occasionally to interrupt routine, but like a wild party occasionally is quite enough. The explanation for the rapidity of the shift is that we bolt a mood and it sickens us.

A society with the slogan, "Anything, everything goes," intoxicates for a brief while; to creatures hovering between heaven and earth, searching for something solid to stand on, clutching for a strong beam to cling to, no one thing suffices for long. And that applies to the decorations of our life as well as to its necessities. Wit that consists in turning sentences upside down; of misplaced or misspelled or changed words —"Was this the face that wrecked a thousand ships?" "This is the Buick primeval," "How dear to my heart are the spleens of my childhood"—such stuff can satisfy for but a moment. In his review of a recent première one of the foremost dramatic critics comments thus: "The chorus was trained to the uttermost instep," and "The music is pretty much a settling of old scores." They used to say that a pun was the cheapest form of wit; if the wits of the jazz era abandoned the pun they would be bankrupt.

It is all of one piece, jazz in music, wit, humor, conduct and the rest—we are a snappy people, determinedly snappy, and snappy we intend to remain to the end of the chapter. Being sports as well we are willing to pay whatever price snappiness demands. At least, we assert loudly that we are. But in reality we will balk at the price, for the newness of this New World does not apply to the individuals inhabiting it; we come of ancient stock with a long, severely tested tradition, and mere transplantation alters that only in externals. "The oldest tradition in the world is the tradition of American youth," a Frenchman once sagely remarked. Our impulses are young, but our feeling is not fundamentally different from Europe's. The Germans are efficient, the English reserved and dignified, the Irish pugnacious, the Italians emotional, the Russians shaggy, the French logical and graceful—but the same tragic contretemps evokes the same pity and terror in them as in us, and the same brand of cruelty makes their comedy and ours. Our blatant snappiness is a superficial thing that has lately broken loose and is now wearily crawling to cover.

At the height of the season the bar of Maxim's was crowded with Americans. A smartly accoutred girl was sitting alone at a wall table. The adjoining table was occupied by a Latin appearing American. They were both regarding the animated scene with aloof interest. After a great while the man, emboldened by a champagne cocktail or two leaned over, begged the girl's pardon for addressing her, and asked what she thought of these Americans. He had traveled widely in North Africa so his accent was not transatlantic, was good enough to make her think him a French Colonial.

"Mademoiselle," he inquired, *"comment vous trouvez les Americains?"*

"Oh, Monsieur," she replied, "They are very physical."

The champagne cocktails gave him the courage for his next remark: "But that, mademoiselle, is your profession."

She was in too philosophical a mood to take offence. "Yes," she remarked, "but what does my life come to if I do not school myself to minimize the physical? I exist in make-believe and the Americans have no patience with that. They are too anxious for results to enjoy processes. They do not give themselves freely."

That intense lack of abandon was forcibly borne in upon a man who on the evening before the first Bastille Day after the Armistice stood in front of Cook's in the Place de l'Opéra and watched the celebration. The great game was for men and women, holding hands, to snake dance along the streets singing satiric, gay and patriotic songs. They encircled every lonely person, danced about him, seized his hands, included him in their line and continued their prancing progress. The man leaning against Cook's façade observed that every time an American was surrounded, forced into the line of good feeling and danced away with he glanced over his shoulder shyly, fearfully, self-consciously. That identical fellow now wears a black derby with no shyness, without the slightest self-consciousness, with complete abandon, with swaggering assurance.

How shall we account for that? Surely maturity alone would not cause such a change? Can it be that he is underdeveloped esthetically? I hardly think so. What, then? Is it possible that the American sense of humor is involved? Has the sudden assumption of the economic leadership of the world and the presumption of leadership in all other fields atrophied our much lauded humor? Is our motto "Everything goes so long as we do it," or is it: "The American is king of the earth, and the king can do no wrong"?

If the latter be the phrase which guides our conduct we should at the least add a corollary to it—where there are so many kings noblesse oblige, respect for the sensibilities of our peers, ought to be branded on the heart and forehead of each and every one of us.

I realize that nothing appears ridiculous if everybody is doing it. Yet all men are not wearing derbies—only the two swagger classes, the upper and the lowest, have taken it up seriously to date. The between classes have not yet adopted it. Perhaps because the early winter hat is still good for a few more weeks, and then will come the straw. They may be biding their time. What glories will the autumn see!

By and large we obey the dictator with scrupulous exactness. So taste aside, fashions will continue to be created in Paris. The Parisienne stays within the large circle of the mode, but adapts it to the peculiarities of her figure and temperament. If the edict goes forth that short skirts are to be worn she will wear short skirts, but should she be bow-legged or knock-kneed she will by drapes and other feminine tricks remove attention from the unbeautiful features. The American woman, be she short or tall, stout or slender, straight limbed or crooked will have her skirts three inches above the knee if that is the decree. She refuses to compromise with herself or with outside opinion. The

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

SO FAR as we are concerned, "Serena Blandish," Ruth Gordon's new vehicle, just misses being the "Beggar on Horseback" of this season. By which we mean that it has the fairy-tale quality, the dream texture which properly goes with such plays. And yet, somehow there is a confusion which has nothing to do with the dream you are witnessing, but which is rather inherent somewhere in the reality which the fairy tale mirrors.

In "Serena Blandish" it is almost as if the playwright were not quite sure precisely what idea he had decided to dramatize. None of the clarity of a W. S. Gilbert is here. Nor does any clarion call sound occasionally through the play as it did in "Beggar on Horseback" whenever the tortured hero thought of the girl he loved.

Instead, it is S. N. Behrman, the dramatist, pretending, let us say, to be the author of "The Young Visiters," and yet not always quite certain just what the author of "The Young Visiters" would think. And yet, without being offensively whimsical, "Serena Blandish" really does for fashionable society life what Alice in Wonderland does for human qualities and customs. It is only when it becomes serious and strikes a note of genuine emotion that it is bewildering. For the rest, it is precisely what its author terms it, "a fabulous comedy."

Once these things are granted, nevertheless, it becomes as delicate and entertaining a series of vignettes as any one could design. Serena, herself, is gratifyingly naïve in her singleness of purpose (which is to find a husband); Lord Ivor Cream is magnificently bored in the luncheon which he gives her—only in a fairy tale could any one possibly be so bored; the Countess Flor Di Folio is so completely devoid of all human feelings and so filled with pure social ambition and cynicism that she leaves nothing to be desired—and so it goes with all the characters. Martin, the butler, must have existed in butlers' bosoms for years. The guests are romantic conceptions of what guests ought to be—and, alas, so seldom are. Even the bus conductors and the poets and the chauffeurs partake of this same quality. And the series of scenes through which these people move is presented from precisely the same standpoint. From the fashionable restaurant in London at two-thirty of an autumn afternoon, to the interior of the fashionably upholstered limousine of the Countess, there is something of color and imagination and magnificence that makes the whole affair the precise opposite of such shows as "Street Scene."

SERIOUSLY to criticize the heroine's actions in such a play is naturally to be absurd. And the same thing applies to the ideas of the play itself—with one exception. And this lies in the character of "Serena Blandish" herself, as played by Ruth Gordon. Merely as a performance, her performance is almost flawless. Her presentation of Serena is as engaging and fascinating a piece of acting as one can ask for. But the playwright has not done so well in his conception of the young lady. And, to us, this is where the play goes off the track.

Because Serena is a young lady brought up in a poor section, suddenly given an opportunity to stalk a husband in fashionable society. The conception of the play being what it is, once this opportunity is presented to her, she naturally leaves her poor mother without the slightest emotion of any kind, and plunges into the great adventure. She seeks to overcome her natural docility, and to snare a husband by any means, fair or foul—and this is not surprising either. For she is a one-dimensioned person in the play. She is a character in a fable. She does not have to have the morality and emotions which the best authorities agree should be the properties of a heroine. And, therefore, her mishaps and minor successes and her utter candor are extremely engaging, and there does not obtrude upon the consciousness of the play-goer any realization of how unpleasant such a person would be in real life. On the contrary, one is completely wrapped up in Serena's quest and wishes for nothing so much as the complete confounding of all her enemies and her successful ensnaring of the richest and finest gentleman in the world.

All would be well, too, we imagine, to the final curtain were it not for the author's fatal precipitation of the emotion of love into the play. Behold, she loves a rather engaging lounge lizard—or at least he appeared so to us. And the young gentleman returns her affection. And we have the frightful mess of a genuine romance suddenly thrust into the foreground of our hitherto engaging fable.

Well, she couldn't marry any one else, of course. And out of the window fly our dreams of her magnificent marriage to the terrifically bored Lord Ivor Cream, or Sir Everard Pyncheon, or the fabulously rich jeweler. No, she must marry the young man and go to Monte Carlo with him on a highly immoral though exciting adventure. And thus we have to leave her. Love has ruined the fairy tale.

Maybe this is Mr. Behrman's idea. Maybe love does ruin a fairy tale. But if it does, let us keep the two things apart. By all means in our fabulous comedies.

With which mournful warning we say go see this play whenever you can, if you like such things as "Beggar on Horseback" and "The Ivory Door."

FOR THE tired business man, who doesn't want to think about all these things, and who wants his imagination lulled to sleep instead of pricked into startled wonderment, the new musical comedy, "Lady Fingers," will fill the bill. For, once in the past, Owen Davis wrote a comedy "Easy Come, Easy Go," and Eddie Buzzell, the comedian, has made it into a musical show at the Vanderbilt, and the combined abilities of these two men, assisted by some very pleasant music, have produced a really amusing story, which leaps surely and entertainingly through railroad stations and Pullman cars to health resorts and gymnasiums, and only once falters.

There is just one conclusion after seeing "Lady Fingers," and that is, if there is anything the matter with the musical shows of Broadway it is that Owen Davis has written 150 shows to date, and not enough of them have been musical. So we won't go into the one flaw of "Lady Fingers"—we'll leave that for you to find out. Enough to say that it lies again in the field of sentiment. When "Lady Fingers" gets sentimental it gets impossible. But perhaps that is inevitable when a comedian, no matter how expert, handles the adaptation.

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The Movies

"The Wolf of Wall Street"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

THERE are two things about this all-talking picture that make it stand out like a Democrat in Maine. One is the playing of the principal rôle, the other the writing of the dialogue. Let's consider these two factors more or less in detail.

We shall find, first, that George Bancroft shows ability as a speaking actor far beyond anything that the talkies have so far produced. We can go even further and add that not even Mr. Bancroft's previous work in silent pictures was an index of his present success. Numerous as this sterling performer's triumphs have been, he tops them all in "The Wolf of Wall Street" because he adds to his genuine dramatic gift a faultless and wholly characteristic delivery. The result is deserving of mention in the same breath with the work of the best male talent along Broadway.

If these statements appear so broad as to be meaningless, that is (partially, at least) because it is just as hard to analyze Bancroft's capabilities as a talking actor as it was to explain his proficiency in silent drama.

When we talk in complimentary terms of the dialogue in "The Wolf of Wall Street," we mean to convey that nearly all the speeches are cleverly written and pregnant with bearing on the picture's theme. Notwithstanding the words-of-one-syllable in which the Wall Street patter is fed to the audience there is hardly a banal utterance in the entire action, and this is by way of being a seven-league stride in the direction of forward for the talking movies.

One more thing: Nancy Carroll, of whom mention has been made before by this department, has a small part in the picture. She seemed awfully scared, and totally unable to get going. We, her steadfast rooter, were reluctantly forced to admit disappointment, for the first time since we first saw her.

"Sins of the Fathers"

ANOTHER knockout success for Emil Jannings. That seems no more than a plain statement of fact at this writing, when getting into the Rivoli Theatre is like going out for football with a derby hat on.

Jannings is entirely different in this picture. Never has his marvelous versatility been so apparent. True, he ends up as an old man, as we have seen him do several times, but even this is done in a novel way. This time the artist's differentiation between youth and age is accomplished, more than in any other way, by a contrast in gaits. As a young waiter, Jannings moves with twinkling feet and high-perched tray. When the waiter has felt the weight of years, his walk succeeds in being a pathetic burlesque of its former self.

The plot of "Sins of the Fathers" is elaborately gaudy, but there is plenty of body to it, and the titanic Jannings doesn't need a plot, anyway.

"Weary River"

IT WAS on the strength of his talking and singing in this picture that Richard Barthelmess got the offer of a job from Mr. Ziegfeld to appear in a big musical show. Mr. Barthelmess, it seems, refused to be glorified, but that was probably traceable to the restrictions of his First National contract and not to any fear that he might not make the grade.

"Weary River," as a picture, has some good parts and some pretty bad work; the best thing about it—please don't faint when you hear this—is a Theme Song that is really not half bad.

"The Last Warning"

JUST WHAT got into Paul Leni, an able and distinguished director, we don't know; off hand we should say he became confused by a similarity in names and mistook himself for Paul Fejos.

In any case, he has made, in "The Last Warning," about the most balled-up motion picture in history.

We, who had read the novel and seen the play from which Mr. Leni essayed to make this motion picture, were practically sunk by the effort we had to make in order to follow the action. Not even the supposedly clarifying effect of several talking sequences did much to help. The sequences talked, but they didn't say anything.

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EMIL JANNINGS AND RUTH CHATTERTON
Who contribute to the success of "Sins of the Fathers"

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The Winter-bound Games

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

BASKETBALL, the only widely played game that was a deliberate invention rather than a growth from other ball games, is getting into its stride, so that there is already a bare chance of picking a favorite. As is usual in such circumstances, the leaders, Pennsylvania in the East, and Michigan in the West, comfortably leading their respective leagues, are the products of a sport that has had something of a background from the very start. It all goes back to Bob Zuppke's famous statement that one wins in proportion to the amount of desire to win. Now both Michigan and Pennsylvania have that great desire for victory, and have had it for lo, these many years. It is true that outside of their leagues there are teams, notably Pittsburgh and Fordham, and the very remarkable Rider College in Trenton, New Jersey, that could beat them on the court, but a triumph in their respective sectors seems to be more greatly to be desired than the intersectional victories in football that sometimes seem more important than the regular scheduled games to the embattled Westerners.

While basketball in the East has a rich enough history, dating back to some of Harry Fisher's famous Columbia teams, and to some of the mighty fives that came out of Yale, there are many Eastern followers of the game who do not realize the almost hysterical interest in it throughout the Middle West, notably at Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, where in many of the schools it has driven baseball to the wall. Apropos of which it is interesting to note the results as set forth in the financial statements of many of the leading institutions, in which basketball frequently shows a profit while baseball almost never gets out of the red. In the East Pennsylvania will always draw big basketball crowds, especially since the building of the handsome new Palestra. It happens this season that Princeton has shown nothing like the class of Pennsylvania, but nevertheless has turned out a goal shooter extraordinary in the person of Carey. There is annually one of these developments at Princeton. The conception of play at the two institutions is very closely matched, even when the men are not, all of which makes for a rousing match no matter how far apart the teams may be in individual skill. It is a peculiarity of the game that stars appear on teams of low ranking as well as on the championship fives, which helps to make the pace of one of the fastest games there is.

Up to the time of the debacle at Pittsburgh the Army was unbeaten and looking forward to a triumphant season. With Draper, the captain, leading the team in handsome fashion, and Hutchinson, the football player, developing rapidly, Coach Novak had great hopes for this team. It is still a good one, despite the affair at Pittsburgh, which does not mean that the soldiers are weak, only that Pitt is showing unusual strength, even for Pitt. Cornell, Yale and Princeton do not look to have a chance in the Eastern Intercollegiate League, and Pennsylvania seems only to have to hold the present pace to come through, while in the Middle West Michigan's comfortable early lead should go far toward earning the championship. In the Big Six Conference in the Missouri Valley, the race promises to be closer than in the other two sectors, for at this writing there is little to choose between Oklahoma and Missouri. Oklahoma has two stars, Shearer and Churchill, well up in the individual scoring, and has developed an excellent brand of team play as well. Here again, curiously enough, Bishop of Kansas, the lowest ranking team at mid-season, was the leading individual scorer.

The three really sensational teams of the East have been so far, Rider College, unbeaten as the mid-year examinations rolled around, Pittsburgh and Fordham. All three have shown the classiest basketball one would care to witness. It is a game, indeed, in which the smaller institution has every chance.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY, still far from the height of the season, and bristling with well-matched teams, can always be counted on to fill the house in Boston and New York as well as Canada. It has become almost an axiom that the game belongs to the Canadians, and of course most of the American professional sixes draw heavily on Canada for their players, but there is an experiment going on in Boston hat is well worth watching. C. F. Adams, who handles the Boston Bruins, is reenforcing his team from the college ranks, where the pace is not considered to be so fast. However that may be, and of course there is a good deal in it, Adams has determined to stand by the recently acquired George Owen of Harvard and Myles Lane of Dartmouth. He turned them loose recently against the New York Rangers, and although the victory was won by their team mates, in the main, they showed plenty of promise, and what is even more important to the professional promoter, brought out a personal following that is a big help at the turnstiles. Your true hockey fan will go to see a hockey game of any kind anywhere, but he still has a leaning toward the collegian, and toward the amateurs, whether present or ex. It is one game of the professional type in which the pace of the play is such, and the unintentional roughness so great, that it is felt the players can be trusted. No true hockey player will play it for money alone. There have been occasional scandals connected with the game, but so far as I know it is at present the cleanest of all the professional games—an opinion that can be revised at any time.

IT IS A PLEASURE to find the old St. Nicholas Club, an institution dear to old New Yorkers, keeping up the game in such excellent fashion in the Metropolitan League. The old names are gone from the roster, but the traditions of the team that the late Hobey Baker, Von Bernuth and others made famous, survive splendidly. It will be remembered that Baker was the first American hockey player to receive an offer to play for a Canadian club, and the salary, even in those days, was tempting. But Hobey turned it down. In which process he was only carrying out the St. Nick tradition.

The colleges will not be really well under way until after the mid-year examinations, and their prospects are therefore still obscure. Usually, they depend upon the football players for their material, although some coaches do not care greatly for the game, fearing the possible injury of their stars.

About the only criticism of present-day hockey is that the defense has

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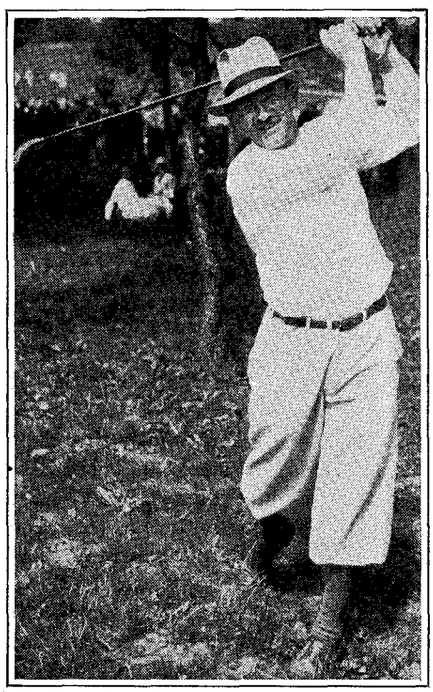
caught up too closely with the attack, and in some cases has even passed it. The instant a shot at goal fails the players are back up the ice and the net is pretty thoroughly covered as soon as the opposing team swings to the attack. Even desperate tactics are not too well rewarded, as in the case of the New York Rangers against the Bostonians. At one time the Rangers had one man in the penalty box, but even so cut loose with four men in the attack and only one remotely interested in defense. And still the night's play yielded them only a single tally. It will be remembered that the size of the team was cut down from seven to six men some years ago in the hope of restoring some of the prestige of the attack. For a time it seemed to work, but the defense coaches have now got in their fine work. Widening the goal might help, or lifting one of the zone restrictions, but the powers that be in the ice game seem reluctant just now to do anything quite so radical. In the meantime, the crowd that is howling for frequent scoring will have to be satisfied with what it can get.

THERE IS a cloud, just now no bigger than a man's hand, hovering in the sky over the coming international Ryder Cup matches, and Walter Hagen has learned that uneasy lies the head of an international team captain. In order to give some of the younger and coming golf professionals a chance, he made his Ryder Cup selection without including William Mehlhorn, professional of the Fenimore Country Club. Right away things began to happen in the State of Texas. For some years Mehlhorn has been playing as good golf as anybody up to the point of the "blow-up," which might take the form of hurling his mashie into a tree-top, or perhaps scaling a brassie into a convenient pond by way of criticism of his own play. Hence the sobriquet "wild." But as soon as William learned that he was not to be a member of the Ryder Cup team, he was stirred to the depths of his golfing self, and developed a hitherto unnatural but none the less menacing calm. This boded no good for the rest of the golfing fraternity, and apparently the boding is still good. Two superb performances in important tournaments at El Paso and San Antonio convinced golfers everywhere that Walter Hagen would have to take note of the fact that William was at last entirely "ex-wild."

This sort of thing has happened before in other sports. Not the least of those who have overcome this spirit of the wild was the great Bobby Jones himself. But back in the old days when professional baseball had something of the amateur spirit and salaries were—just salaries—there was a personage known as "Bad Bill" Dahlen. Bill was wont to walk around the plate after every pitched ball, scowling and communing with himself. Tim Hurst and others used to banish him from the game not for what he said but for what they knew he was thinking. William never changed his actions much, but in course of time he must have changed his thoughts, for in due time he came to be known as the "ex-Bad Bill" Dahlen. Years ago there was a man in politics, a National Committeeman, who came to be known as the "ex-wicked" Gibbs; but then perhaps politics does not qualify as a sport.



Underwood

"WILD BILL" MEHLHORN

Texas professional who is following the lead of the "ex-wild" men of sport

Over on the other side George Duncan, who is the leader of the British Ryder Cup team, is also "exing" himself. He has now become the "ex-garrulous George." It seems that upon the occasion of the last matches for the famous trophy Duncan gave out his line-up. The crafty Hagen thereupon changed his to fit, and thereby won the event. Duncan is now sworn to silence, and the order of play will not be known until his team comes up to the first tee.

In the meantime, one Macdonald Smith, more affectionately known as "Macsmith," is pursuing the even tenor of his way, not winning many great events, perhaps, but keeping up the beauty and precision of his style as perhaps the last apostle in this country of the once famous St. Andrews swing. There has always been a considerable argument between the "hitting golfer" and the "swinging golfer," and in recent years the hitters seem to have overcome the swingers to a considerable extent. But "Macsmith" we have always with us, and graceful beyond measure.

THIS IS just a tip, to be elaborated later, for those who follow the indoor polo matches. I have been asked what an indoor polo pony costs, and a few things more about the animal that makes the pace possible. Well, the Squadron pays as a rule from $250 to $300 for its mounts. And they are not all ready made by any means. It takes about four years to make a "polo-wise" indoor mount. Some of the best are from the stud of Joe Morone, a champion stallion. The main thing first is breeding to conformation, and after that the training. The Squadron is fortunate in having the services of two such excellent judges of polo flesh as Fitzgibbon and Brady, who do most of the buying for the association. They have gathered in a total of forty mounts, which are in use by eighty-one players. One of the recent additions is P.D.Q., a bay mare splendidly ridden by young Jackson, formerly of Princeton, and one of the most finished horsemen, with the easiest hands, in the indoor game. This handy animal was picked up at the horse show. The handsome black gelding, Buster, was a colt belonging to Johnny Wise, of the V.M.I. team, and is generally used at No. 1. Blarney, a fine chestnut mare, used by Fitzgibbon also at No. 1, is another acquisition that Fitz has brought up to Class A. She was not polo-wise when first acquired, which means that a first-class hurry-up job has been done by the cavalryman. Thirty-four of the string of forty are classified mounts, of which twelve are eligible for Class A or Class B. It is a curious angle to the game that P.D.Q. won a championship in the show ring and it was then found that she would not go near the other mounts in action. She was a disappointment the first season, and was then turned over to the light-handed Jackson with the result that she is now a star.

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The Stock Exchange Looks Ahead

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE New York Stock Exchange which for many years has been gaining in favor with the general public, will quiet recent complaints from its own customers by expanding its membership from 1,100 to 1,375. Such action, at least, has been recommended by the Governing Committee and it seems almost certain that the recommendation will be accepted.

Obviously the plan would have had no chance at all if the equity of the members had been disturbed. Under the proposed arrangement, however, the net worth of a seat will not be cut down. Each of the present members will receive a fourth of a right to join the Exchange. Since the present market value of seats exceeds $600,000, the market value of these rights is more than $150,000. Any member who sells his right will still have his seat and approximately $150,000 in cash to boot.

For a year or more it has been quite apparent that a larger membership was necessary. The staff of brokers on the floor were unable to fulfill their functions satisfactorily when the turnover for the day ran much above 4,000,000 shares and markets of this size have become quite commonplace.

Execution of orders was extremely difficult and prompt reports and quotations were out of the question. The problem of reports and quotations was much the more important as well as the more serious. Delays of a few seconds or even of a few minutes in buying or selling were usually only minor inconveniences. The market for a stock probably would not change much between eleven-forty and eleven-forty-one. If it did, there was almost an even chance that the change would be in the customer's favor. It was essential in many cases, though, to know approximately what the prices on the floor were and, in even more cases, to know whether a "limit order," i.e., an order to buy or sell at a certain price had been executed.

Critics of the Stock Exchange realized that some of the physical difficulties in the way of alleviating these conditions were almost insuperable. They redoubled their complaints, however, against the maintenance of the present number of members. Certain Exchange authorities have been advocating a change for some time but they maintained, probably with justice, that any such proposal would have been voted down. Members were afraid that the value of the seats somehow would be depreciated. Whether the opinion of the majority has been won over by public criticism or by able propaganda work on the part of these authorities no one can tell. But Wall Street is certain that the proposal will be adopted. Something obviously must be done, and the plan most favorably considered now seems by all odds best adapted to meet the situation. At least no one has yet presented a more feasible one.

DECLARING what might be called a stock dividend was only one of many suggestions. For a time members seemed to look most kindly on a proposal to give members assistants or deputies. Another possibility was that members should be allowed to lend or rent their seats.

Regarding the first suggestion, a special investigating committee reported as follows: "While clerks would be of assistance to members and particularly to specialists (brokers who confine their activities to a few stocks or perhaps to only one), they would not increase the number of persons authorized to make contracts and would not solve the present problem."

Regarding the second, it reported: "The plans which would increase the number of persons authorized to make contracts on the floor, without increasing the present number of members, naturally involve a fundamental change in either the nature of the Exchange, or in the method of doing business on the floor of the Exchange. The Committee believes that all of these plans are necessarily impractical . . . .

"If, for instance, the inactive members are allowed to lease their trading privileges, the members who are active on the floor will have to compete with these lessees and this would be inequitable as the existing members have acquired their memberships at a great cost and the lessees would be exercising an equal privilege upon the payment of only an annual rental . . .This proposition would also put a premium on the memberships not being represented by members on the floor of the Exchange and would tend to destroy the high degree of individual responsibility which has always characterized the trading . . . Finally, this proposition would greatly weaken the disciplinary power of the Exchange because the penalty of suspension and expulsion in the case of a lessee would be obviously less serious than if the same penalty were imposed upon a member of the Exchange."

These objections are certainly well based, and the present plan is the most desirable of the ones suggested.

The Stock Exchange itself realizes that the adoption of the plan will not bring the millenium immediately. The ticker remains inadequate. On the busiest days, it sometimes prints reports of transactions half an hour or so after they have occurred. Even then the reports do not include the size of the transactions, an omission which many market observers and traders resent bitterly. New tickers, which can handle eight or ten million share markets without trouble, are being prepared but they will not be ready for several months, so they offer no immediate solution to the problem.

Furthermore, there is no compulsion on members at present to sell their rights. Many of them will simply hold on for a while to see whether it is advisable to sell one or purchase three more for their firms. The increase in the numbers consequently will be slow. Many of the inactive members, moreover, presumably will remain inactive. It is quite unlikely, for instance, that either J. P. Morgan or John D. Rockefeller, both members of long standing, will ever go on the floor to execute orders. There are others who hold their seats because it enables them to trade more cheaply through other brokers or for sentimental or other reasons.

THE EXCHANGE could hardly expect to regulate the industry of its members so there is not much that can be done about the inactives. Under the circumstances its authorities have probably done the best they could and, if they are as vigorous in promoting other measures to increase the efficiency of the Exchange, the chances are negligible that it will be supplanted for many decades as the greatest securities market in the world.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Week's Reading

Charlotte Corday, and Certain Men of the Revolutionary Torment. By MARIE CHER: Appleton. Published February 8.

ABOUT a year ago reviewers, who had to read it, and book buyers who were willing to try a new author who came without ballyhoo were surprised, charmed and a little troubled by a novel called "The Door Unlatched" by Marie Cher (Minton, Balch). Who Marie Cher is they did not then, we do not now know. But that she is a writer of talent and a woman of exquisite sensibility we do know who have read her books. They are—for she now has a second one, not a novel—deeply feminine, and she brings to biography a gift of intuition and a response to sensuous impressions which, combined as they are with knowledge and temperate judgment, are unusual and stimulating. The nostalgic quality of Marie Cher's work may be described as an exceptionally strong sense of the past. Reading her books is like sharing the dreams of another person, a person whose days are spent, perhaps, in the research rooms of libraries, in the dusty corners of historic courtyards, by roadsides where great men have walked toward death; and whose nights are made beautiful and strange by the troubling presence of the past. Marie Cher re-creates in her pictures of revolutionary France a scene of tragedy that is breath-takingly vivid. In "Charlotte Corday, and Certain Men of the Revolutionary Torment," she gives preliminary glimpses, delicate, acute biographical sketches of the chief characters of her drama: she sets the stage for her great scene, an imaginative backdrop where terrifying Paris, brilliant, foolish Versailles, sober Caen, harried Bordeaux, appear in panorama. Then she brings on her characters: Charlotte, the classic "Virgin with the Knife;" Marat as David painted him, hanging out of his bloody tub; Camille Desmoulins crying on the steps of the guillotine for his beloved Lucille; Danton, the bull, always audacious, defying his enemies; Robespierre, the cat pulling the strings of the Terror and strangled by them at last, lesser men, shoddy, villainous, pathetic, grand. All of them stand out vividly against the background of revolutionary France.

Marie Cher is a writer for readers who demand that their history be accurate and hope that it may also be romantic. We recommend her books to them, and also to those for whom a new literary talent of uncommon order is always a source of interest and pleasure.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. Peder and his indomitable mother, Beret; the conflict of American ideas and Norwegian culture in Dakota in an excellent novel.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Snake Pit, by Sigrid Undset: Harper. A continuation of the story of guilt and expiation begun in "The Axe." The deep love of Olav and the hapless Igunn moves toward its tragic end through dramatic events, and against a magnificently complete setting of medieval Norway. Undset's knowledge of the period is amazing; her understanding of unchanging human nature, profound. The translation by Arthur Chater is admirable.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. A vivid account of the voodooism, black magic and odd mixed society of Haiti. Reviewed January 9.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stages of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

Generally Speaking. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: Dodd, Mead. Published February 10.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for a book that is easy to read and stimulating in content, especially if you want something to read aloud after dinner (some still do), you cannot do better than go out and buy yourself a copy of G.K.C.'s "Generally Speaking." You might buy at the same time the Shaw-Chesterton Debate, "Do We Agree?" with Belloc in the chair, published recently by E. V. Mitchell. "Generally Speaking" is a collection of papers on assorted topics, such as Shakespeare, detective stories, funeral customs and American morals. In it common sense is expressed with uncommon wit. What Mr. Chesterton has to say about broadcasting and prohibition may not sound as important as what H. G. Wells has had recently to say on those subjects, but it is as sound—and basically the same, by the way. He touches no topic that he does not illuminate and the economy of his expression is invigorating. Chesterton follows, in his prose, the traditional English essay. "Even if he (*the American; writing of prohibition*) would have preferred the movement never to have come, he does not like the suggestion that it has come to nothing." And again, on the same subject: "We may say that he has made up his face to prove that he has made up his mind." You will find sentences of this sort in the work of every essayist who has followed the classic tradition, from Lilly, in whose "Euphues" it touched the nadir of sense, through Bacon, in whose gnomic phrases it reached the zenith of perfection, to the present day. If, like us, you find this precise, finished, predictable prose style restful and delightful, you are bound to enjoy "Generally Speaking."

Twelve Days. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST: Doubleday, Doran. Published February 12.

V. SACKVILLE WEST is not only a poet and a novelist; she is a writing traveler. England's literature has been greatly enriched by her travelers, from Mandeville, who was a stalwart liar if not himself a lie, to Hudson. They have been adventurers, and "naturists" (to take a

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word from our own Tracy), and V. Sackville-West is a little of both. With "A Passage to Teheran," published a few years ago, and "Twelve Days," she joins an illustrious company. She writes prose at once sensuous and lively. Her descriptive passages are eloquent. She has the proper traveler's temper, amused grumbling for discomforts, tolerance for the vagaries of her companions, ready appreciation for all strange or sad or lovely sights. With her husband—Harold Nicolson, delightful essayist and biographer of Tennyson—and three friends, she went on foot and on mule back over the wild Bakhtiari hills of Persia, country quite untouched by civilization, snowy passes and green valleys sprinkled with hyacinth and iris. They passed, in twelve days, half a dozen villages—a village there is ten mud huts—a few shepherds, pastoral figures unchanged since Jacob's day, a merchant with his laden mule, a picturesque sheik or two, and the whole nomadic tribe of the Bakhtiari on their spring migration to the upland pastures. They met with no adventures more momentous than mud and a snow storm, a Kadi who gave them a reception and then asked for quinine, a dervish whose horse shied from the camera, but out of these simple events and their primitive setting, V. Sackville-West has made a charm to tempt and at the same time to console the arm chair traveler. Her fifteenth chapter is a delicate essay on solitude. And in her fourth, a description of an old Persian carpet might apply to her book, "complete in itself as a lyric poem."

Sand Castle. Walter Millis: Houghton Mifflin.

This is a story of the mess that one of the most charming young ladies we have ever met in fiction made of her life. Born the daughter of a frustrated newspaperman, she has an unusual childhood and reaches maturity with a singular philosophy of life. She becomes the mistress of a young married man and they are supremely happy together; she confident that they are doing nothing wrong, he not quite able to reconcile his life with his ideals. His wife appears on the scene and complicates matters by doing nothing. Then a friend of the family, a hard boiled, cynical misogynist, interferes and still further complicates things. The end leaves the story hanging; some may find it unsatisfactory, but we think it was the only sensible thing to do under the circumstances. The plot is negligible, but the characters are positively delightful, and the theme is well worth considering.

Milton Byron.

The Untold Story. By Mary Desti: Horace Liveright. Published February 10.

Every Duncan enthusiast has been waiting for just such an authentic account as Mary Desti has given us of Isadora's last frenzied unrecorded years. A close friend for some twenty-seven years the author is admirably qualified to chronicle seven of them. This she has done without resorting to evasions and sentimentalities. The same

MARGOT ASQUITH

One of the delightful caricatures by Low in "Lions and Lambs," for which "Lynx" has written the interpretations (Harcourt, Brace)

insouciant heterodoxy that fascinated so many readers of "My Life," can be found again in Mary Desti's book in almost undiminished proportions. There are, also, resemblances of prose style and method of narrative that strike one at first as imitative but later as perhaps the highest tribute to the dead dancer.

No one who knew Isadora Duncan was immune to the fire of her infectious personality, and the surge of her resourceful genius. Least of all, Mary Desti who, with a beautiful unselfishness, dedicated her life to the adoration of this mortal ikon. Even as the author rehearses the events of those turbulent vodka-caviare days in Russia—where as guest of the Bolshevik Government Isadora danced madly before clamorous mujiks, and with equal madness loved the handsome epileptic poet, Sergei Yessenin—one can hear the clear warm voice of Isadora speaking through the mouth of a disciple.

But this love for the person does not deter Mary Desti from maintaining the obligatory honesties of a fine biographer. Nothing is hidden and nothing vindicated. This is one story, certainly, that was worth the telling.

E. M. Benson.

A Pearl for My Lady. By Gurney Slade: Stokes. Published February 7.

This story has an original setting, a pearling village in Australia, and the adventures recounted are unusual and sometimes quite funny. But the book is so badly written that we cannot but feel that as a novelist Gurney Slade is an excellent pearl-fisher. But a reckless pearl-thrower. At any rate, he cast "A Pearl for My Lady" before a—let us be delicate and say—pig of a reviewer, this time.

Goose Fair. By Cecil Roberts: Appleton. Published February 7.

This is a very light novel, for the youthfully minded. A girl, Diana, looking for adventure finds it in the Nottingham Goose Fair where she meets a young man from London in the crowd. He is a playwright, incog. Diana is singularly dull about discovering his identity. She does not find him out until almost the end of the book. But that makes the plot of the story, which runs on with the proper amount of suspense and relief, and even past a few quite uncalled-for complications to the expected end. The Riviera setting for the climax of the story is well done. There are touches of gay humor in the book which might have been put to a better use. The characterization is adequate to the demands of the plot.

Thy Dark Freight. By Vera Hutchinson: Horace Liveright.

The small fishing village of Mare le Marsh on the northeast coast of England, offers a perfect backdrop for this tragic story. Readers unfamiliar with

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the cruelty of lives pressed into the service of passion and improvidence may naturally suspect the author of filling the glass of reality above the brim.

Whatever objections one may have, plausibility certainly isn't one of them. The elemental strength of "Thy Dark Freight" rests largely on Vera Hutchinson's power to stamp every action or movement with a weird and sometimes morbid necessity. The Gautby clan's consanguinary weakness for women may be debated on eugenic principles, but not as part of the novel's machinery. The courageous Janatha Forde; the sea that swallowed her lover, Yeo Gautry; the birth of Gaius, their natural child; the dark curse of his inheritance; his death at the hands of his mother. These are not only plausible, they are inevitable.

The intemperate loves and hates that crowd the movements of these sea-blown step-children of God resemble in their ferocity Caradoc Evans's accounts of the Welsh people. But there is a sad twilight beauty about Vera Hutchinson's prose that neither Mr. Evans nor many others have ever duplicated.

E. M. Benson.

Souvenir. By Floyd Dell: Doubleday, Doran. Published February 9.

"Souvenir" is an account of the second marriage of Felix Fay, who appeared in "Moon-calf" and "The Briary-Bush." He is now a successful playwright about forty years of age living in a suburb of New York with a number of friends of his Greenwich Village days. His first wife suddenly decides that he should have the custody of their nineteen-year-old son. Felix is delighted and tries earnestly to be a real pal to his son, who unfortunately seems to find it easier to confide in Felix's wife.

It is a very beautiful story embodying a careful analysis of the father- and-son relationship; tragic and pathetic without being sentimental. The characters are better developed than in the two preceding volumes; the story more important and better written.

Milton Byron.

New Poetry

Mountain Against Mountain. By Arthur Davison Ficke; and *This Blind Rose.* By Humbert Wolfe: Doubleday, Doran. Published February 12.

Failing excellence, Mr. Ficke's volume of poems is consistently good; Mr. Wolfe's verse is only fair although apparently genuine in emotion. The two narrative poems which the first book boasts give it the advantage over the second, for in neither collection is there a single memorable lyric. So many fine stanzas about girls and flowers and fellow poets have been written already that an emotional experience or an impressionistic mood must be startlingly original or exquisitely described if it is to become part of any reader's permanent-literature treasure. Both men are working along traditional lyric lines, and there is nothing significant in either effort.

To Be Published Next Week

The Lover. By Naomi Royde-Smith: Harper. Feb. 15.

Palmerston and Gladstone Correspondence. By Philip Guedalla: Harper. Feb. 15.

Letters of Katharine Mansfield. Edited by John Middleton Murry. Knopf. Feb. 15.

The Persians Are Coming. By Bruno Frank: Knopf. Feb. 15.

Scotland's Royal Line. By E. Thornton Cook: Dutton. Feb. 15.

Letters and Leaders of My Day. By T. M. Healy: Stokes. Feb. 14.

Wellington. By Hon. Oliver Brett: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 13.

Action. By C. E. Montague: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 13.

Earthbound and Other Poems. By Helene Mullins: Harper. Feb. 15.

Prima Donna. By Pitts Sanborn: Longmans. Feb. 15.

John Wilkes Booth. By Francis Wilson: Houghton. Feb. 15.

Dreaming. By Gerald Bullett: Harper. Feb. 15.

However, those who are interested in the spectacle of modern poetry, as well as those who know Mr. Ficke's earlier work, will find in "Mountain Against Mountain" two narrative poems which represent a development, at least a new and interesting phase, in the author's verse. Both "Paris 1917" and "The Return of Christ" show the peculiar individual temperament of Mr. Ficke's "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" (revised edition). Done in the episodic manner of much present-day drama, this sketchy picture of the last year of the war gives such glimpses of the tragic dream as characterize, with as much accuracy as any observer has yet been capable of, the grim humor and the unadmitted bitterness of Paris in 1917. Yet through all this actuality the poet preserves a certain spiritual equilibrium, an ideal-propaganda, if you like.

> But I, lonely, feel strength beyond this darkness.
> Friendship is more than all their futile wars.
> We will go back and look on the real world.
> All this has been a dream, too dark for telling.

"The Return of Christ" presents an interesting point of view. From Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain, comes a stranger preaching that man should neither worship nor pray; rather that he should marvel and live. But the people, long used to Christian teachings, seize the stranger and stone him to death. It is the second crucifixion.

J. Dana Tasker.

Interesting books received by the editor too late for detailed review.

The Memoirs of J. M. Dent: Dutton. Published January 25.

These personal memoirs of a great English publisher will interest any lover of books. To love books is not quite the same as to like to read. The book-lover's heart leaps up when he beholds a box of unknown quantities from a book shop. He wastes all of a bright Thanksgiving Day over the attic shelf, back home, where ancient delights stand in a shabby row. He sees London from the basement corners of a second-hand dealer's on Charing Cross Road. He, of all readers, will cherish the Dent memoirs. Because J. M. Dent was a man with a flair for the good new, yes, but chiefly with a knowledge and love for the grand old, the man who conceived and executed the plan for Everyman's Library. His friendships were varied and interesting; his life seems to have been singularly placid. His work is enduring.

The Pillow Book of Sei Shonagon. Translated by Arthur Waley: Houghton, Mifflin. Published February 1.

This is the translation of excerpts from the diary of a court lady of mediæval

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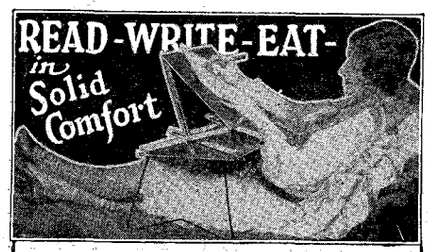

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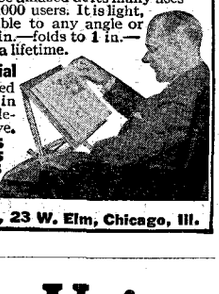

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Japan. It is prefaced by a paper on Japan in the Tenth Century, and there are many explanatory and biographical passages by the translator. The Pillow Book was a record, intended says Sei Shonagon, as diarists do, for her own eyes only, not chronologically of events but hit or miss of impressions. The lady was famous for her wit, her poetry and her lovers. Her pictures of court life are somewhat malicious and decidedly smug. It is curious that the most valuable original sources on Tenth Century Japan are this book and "The Tale of the Genji" by another woman, Lady Murasaki. The pillow book is charming. We shall also call it quaint because we know it was written nine hundred years ago. If we did not, we might, being old-fashioned, deplore the sophistication, the superficiality, the preciosity of this modern writer.

In Java. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE: Scribner. Published January 25.

THIS IS a series of very brief, and frequently very vivid impressionistic sketches of Java and the neighboring islands of the Dutch East Indies. It would be a stimulating book for travelers to those parts. And any lover of the picturesque and strange will enjoy it.

Lonely Americans. By ROLLO W. BROWN: Coward-McCann. Published January 25.

THESE ARE excellent, penetrating studies of twelve individualistic Americans, with emphasis upon the qualities which made them different from their fellows. The theories of modern psychology have given Mr. Brown his clue in studying the lives of his subjects but he mercifully spares us the jargon. His subjects are Whistler, Dr. Eliot of Harvard, MacDowell, George Bellows, Charles Eliot Norton, Raphael Pumpelly, Emily Dickinson and Lincoln—a catholic assortment. We cannot agree with all his conclusions, but we found his book decidedly interesting, and his speculations as to the place of the individualist in contemporary American culture are provocative.

Our First Colony

The Philippine Islands. By W. CAMERON FORBES. 2 vols: Houghton Mifflin. Published in January.

MR. CAMERON FORBES, Governor General of the Philippines from 1909-1913, has written the first complete and authoritative work on our oldest colony. Mr. Forbes's connection with the islands lasted, in one form or another, for ten years, for already in 1904 he had been appointed by President Roosevelt a member of the Philippine Commission, and before being appointed Vice Governor in 1908 he had held the portfolio of Commerce and Police with supervision over several important bureaus and activities of the Government. Moreover he revisited the islands in 1921, at the request of President Harding, in order to study and report on the situation, so that probably no American has ever been equally familiar with the Philippines or in a position to tell us so much about them.

No historical and social study could possibly have been better documented or more considered than this. Indeed, Mr. Forbes has omitted from his survey no aspect of the island life. He is not only incomparably well-informed but conspicuously just and fair in his treatment of every question concerning the Philippine population. He pays many tributes to the patriotism and high-mindedness of those who seek for their own people the same kind of freedom that Americans sought in the War of Independence, pointing out, however, that political independence means little unless it is accompanied by industrial development and independence, by a reasonable amount of popular education and a real ability to govern. The essence of America's promise to the Filipino, he says, is that he shall be assured stability of government, adding that the quickest way of providing this element of stability is the extension of the primary schools.

He recognizes in detail all the progressive measures that have been introduced by the Filipinos themselves, and all their steps toward self-government in the proper sense, and states it as his conclusion that "the great bulk of the Christian Filipinos have a very natural desire for independence; most of them desire independence under the protection of the United States; a very small percentage desire immediate independence with separation from the United States; a very substantial element is opposed to independence, especially at this time."

Meanwhile the trade between the Philippines and the United States is growing by leaps and bounds, reaching in one year a maximum of nearly $200,000,000. There is every probability, says Mr. Forbes, that with the increase of population, continued free trade and improved transportation the future will see a further impressive growth that will carry a double significance. It will enable the United States to obtain tropical products from a people with whom it maintains reciprocal

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trade relations and the Islands will be a depot and emporium on the shores of Asia that will place American merchants in a much better position to reach out and secure their share of the great trade with China which the awakening of that vast country will inevitably carry with it.

Mr. Forbes goes into the innumerable aspects of the problem of independence, from both the native and American points of view, considering all the various American attitudes in regard to colonization in general and the propriety and justice of our retention of the Islands, assuming himself what might be described as a moderate liberal attitude. He himself appears to favor the creation of a commonwealth, under American sovereignty, that would reserve to the United States a general supervising power while granting the Filipinos management of their domestic affairs.

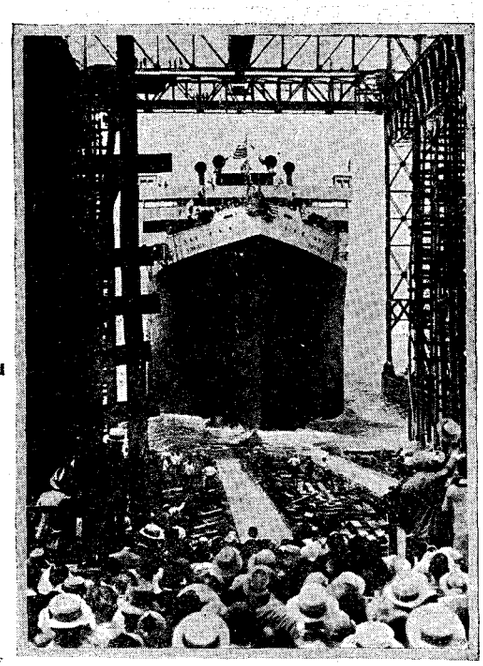
This would give the Filipinos a government with greater freedom from intervention by the United States than is enjoyed by any State in the Union; it would assure the Filipinos that those laws and practices which Americans have found essential to good government should in no way be lessened in their effectiveness and that none of the abuses that brought about the downfall of the Spanish Government in the Islands would creep into the new government. His conclusion is that on the whole the United States has unquestionably succeeded in its effort to improve the condition of the Filipinos and prepare them for nationality, when that step seems proper.

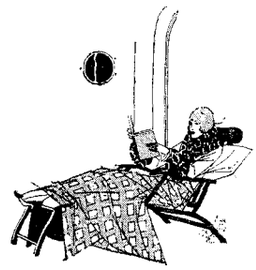
VAN WYCK BROOKS.

New Titles in Loeb's Classical Library: Putnam. In these books the original and the translation are given on opposite pages; published in England, they are a triumph of British scholarship and invaluable to students of the classics.

Plutarch's Moralia, II. Translated by F. C. BABBITT.
Epictetus II. Translated by W. A. OLDFATHER.
Procopius V. Translated by H. B. DEWING.
Lucan, The Civil War. Translated by J. D. DUFF.
Oppian, Colluthus Tryphiodorus. Translated by A. W. MAIR.
Athenæus, The Deipnosophists II. Translated by C. B. GULICK.
Cicero, The Verrine Orations I. Translated by L. G. H. GREENWOOD.
Cicero, Letters to His Friends II. Translated by W. GLYNN WILLIAMS.

Another ELECTRICAL CITY moves out to sea





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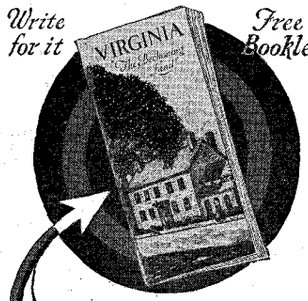

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

THE CULT of Marcel Proust offers a curious example of the manner in which literary history is made. Clive Bell's "Proust" (Harcourt) is the first book in English to be entirely devoted to him, although a translation of Léon Pierre Quint's "Marcel Proust" (Knopf) appeared a year or so ago. But in French the list of books about Proust is formidable and grows week by week. Yet, in 1913, when "Swann's Way" was published in Paris at the author's expense, few were found to do him reverence. His fame dates from the award of the Goncourt Prize in 1919, and rose to its present inflated proportions after his death in 1922.

Marcel Proust's first book, "Les Plaisirs et les Jours," was published as far back as 1896 and, with his translations of Ruskin, represents all his literary activity prior to "Swann's Way." It is not a work which even the devotees pretend to admire particularly. In fact, at the time of its publication one critic was challenged to a duel by the author because he had spoken of the amateurishness and insipid snobbery of the book. A preface signed by Anatole France, but actually written by Madame Arman de Caillavet, adorned the volume, which was thus characteristically ushered into the world under the auspices of a writer who could not read Proust and who never, according to Jean Jacques Brousson, altered his unfavorable opinion of "little Marcel."

After Proust's death both in London and Paris tributes to his art were brought together in book form, and one learned with astonishment of the vast enthusiasm which had been engendered in the most diverse bosoms by the writings of Marcel Proust. Yet, one had also a sneaking suspicion that many of the enthusiasts had read little or nothing of the author, and that some of them would have been horrified if they had really known the nature of Proust's work. Mr. A. B. Walkley frankly expresses his utter detestation of M. de Charlus, which is very much as if one were to profess one's delight in "Pickwick Papers" with the proviso that Sam Weller is intolerable. Mr. Clive Bell went so far as to say that Proust in English would be inconceivable. Mr. Arnold Bennett bluntly declared that sexual inversion is "an unpromising subject according to British notions," and that, while Proust undoubtedly had genius, he never learned how to write. Since then, in England if not in America, the Proust cult has spread in defiance of Mr. Bell's suggestion, and his own book now indicates how conceivable Proust has become in English. Not that Mr. Bell attempts to deny that a liking for Proust is a cultivated or acquired taste. He did not even begin to read him until 1919, obviously as a result of the publicity given to Proust by the Goncourt Prize. "I began reading *Swann*, not in hope of a new experience, but with a view to picking holes in a rival. In so Proustian a fashion does the adventure open. I began reading it in a hypercritical, not to say cantankerous, frame of mind; and, as things have turned out, that was no bad beginning. Soon enough I was seduced."

Mr. Bell expresses some doubt as to why his friends of the "Nouvelle Revue Française" did not bring Proust to his attention earlier, as he feels certain they must have mentioned his name. What he perhaps does not know is that the "Nouvelle Revue Française" gave "Swann's Way" a very moderately favorable review on its first appearance in 1913, and the publishing firm with which that magazine is associated actually rejected the book. The devotion of the "Nouvelle Revue Française" to Proust coincided with the taking over of his work by M. Gallimard and the great boom which followed the award of the Goncourt Prize.

Now, however, Mr. Bell has passed beyond the stage of doubt or ignorance. "In my turn," he says, "I fell, duly swept off my feet by that current which has floated so many of the more intelligent and sensitive of my contemporaries into oceans of uncritical enthusiasm. . . . By 1925 Proust meant for me what seventy-five years earlier I suppose Balzac must have meant for people of my sort. Here was a contemporary possessing imaginatively and giving form to the vague, half-conscious experience of two generations; here was a path cut into an unexplored shrubbery of that back-garden men call life; and here were the memoirs of my age."

These are brave, if rather rash, words to say of a writer so eccentric and so limited as Proust. Mr. Bell and his friends may, as he implies, spend their days in such speculations and analyses as preoccupied the morbid mind of Proust. With Mr. Bell's work in memory, I beg leave to doubt it. He has

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fortunately been engaged in more thrilling intellectual and artistic adventures. I rather agree with his "bright young barbarian" whom he quotes as saying: "Proust's book is a shrimping party in the sub-conscious." Fashionable as the sub-conscious is, it really does not occupy the place which the Freudians and their literary disciples assign to it. "An invalid and a snob," as Mr. Bell insists, Proust was. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suggest that the great literature of the world has been born of very different parents than sickness and snobbery.

Mr. Bell speaks of Proust's "strangely un-French prose," which is in itself an obstacle in the way of that immortality which he claims for the author. As a matter of fact, Proust's French seems less bizarre to foreign readers than to the French themselves, which may account for his popularity with English and German readers in particular. As for Proust in English, Mr. Bell very properly doubts "whether this delicate flavor can be extracted from a French dish to season an English," but if it can be, then "Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is the predestined chef." Mr. Bell's quotations, however, are all in the original.

Having written at some length elsewhere upon the merits and defects of Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's translation of Proust, with detailed examples of his errors, I am prepared to furnish to the curious definite proof that this translator's reputation is itself a part of the Proust myth and has become something of a cult in London. The task of putting Proust into English is an arduous and difficult one. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff has acquitted himself creditably, on the whole. If he had been an American, however, his lapses would have received from English reviewers just the kind of attention which I once tried to give them, and which his countrymen have almost entirely spared him. It is strange how insistently the Proust legend should have impressed itself upon British critics, extending even to the Frenchman's translators.

From the Life

(Continued from Page 248)

the two youths dashed through the gate. The platform of the car was only two feet distant. At the quick hands on his collar the Teuton whipped out his pistol. Too late!

The gaping crowd watched hungrily as the plains-clothes detectives subdued their prisoners and marched them off in the direction of a waiting jail: watched and saw the last of them and turned again to the solitary figure on the station platform.

For there he stood. Above his neatly gartered socks his bare legs rose to meet his horrified gaze. Between his knees and eyes there stretched a no-man's land of underwear. Between his person and the shelter of his store there waited the horrible gauntlet of a gaping crowd. The iron hand of rage that had clenched him into fearlessness, that had propelled him into pursuit had dropped him here upon an elevated platform—had left him trouserless and alone.

He looked about him dizzily and swayed upon his feet. Sheer terror gripped him by the throat. The hero closed his eyes and ran.

Our Own Movie Guide

My Man: A talkie, made more than worth while by FANNIE BRICE.

Revenge: DOLORES DEL RIO making terrible threats and worse faces.

Show People: MARION DAVIES and WILLIAM HAINES in a really good travesty of Hollywood life.

The Barker: The silent sequences are grand, the talking portions not so good.

Napoleon's Barber: A fine performance by OTTO MATTHIESON, marred by poor reproduction.

Interference: Paramont's first all-talkie, very smooth and very polished.

The Woman Disputed: NORMA TALMADGE much less saccharine than usual.

Alias Jimmy Valentine: WILLIAM HAINES in a picture that would have been better if it had kept quiet.

Dry Martini: An excellent comedy directed by HARRY D'ARRAST.

Four Devils: From the megaphone of F. W. MURNAU, master of lights and camera.

The Singing Fool: Forty million dollars' worth of AL JOLSON.

Shopworn Angel: The gifted NANCY CARROLL and the ditto GARY COOPER in an extra good one.

A Woman of Affairs: Once again they have failed to do right by GRETA GARBO.

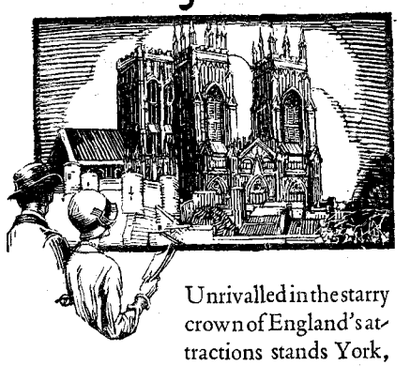
A Romance of the Underworld: An entertaining and beautifully directed picture. Don't miss it.

In Old Arizona: An all-talkie from the Fox lot. Highly recommended.

The River: Take the word "drivel" and think up your own synonyms.

West of Zanzibar: LON CHANEY in his best picture since "The Unholy Three."

York.. the Jewel of England



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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Sinclair Gluck's
The Man Who Never Blundered
Dodd Mead

A police lieutenant and a columnist and a wealthy young business man set out to squash "The Governor," a crook who always sends the police department a memorandum of the time and place before he commits a crime. And squash him they do, after some two-score chapters of excitement. We like Mr. Gluck's thrillers, although we feel that he's speeding up production a little too much. His first ones were better. Still, this is exciting enough.

Foxhall Daingerfield's
The Linden Walk Tragedy
Appleton

The hero of this is a cop. Of course, he comes of a good old Southern family, who, before their reverses, etc. And his first night on duty he falls in love and gets mixed up in a murder. After which he suppresses enough evidence to convict a dozen people and generally acts in a most uncoplike manner, but he gets his man during a thunderstorm in the abandoned lighthouse. We'd have liked it better if so many of the characters hadn't spoken story-book Irish, but there is some real humor sprinkled through the book. We rate it so-so.

Zita Inez Ponder's
The Bandaged Face
Macaulay

The cast includes a chemist who discovers solidified gas on the day his wife deserts him, and his daughter, and his assistant, and a mysterious murderous party with a bandaged face, who goes around sticking poison needles into people and dosing them with the Laughing Bean, which makes them act awfully queer, and a Scotland Yard Inspector, and others. There are several murders and a wedding and a surprise at the end. About the average.

Dashiell Hammett's
Red Harvest
Knopf

A thriller that lives up to the blurb on the jacket is unusual enough to command respect. When, in addition, it is written by a man who plainly knows his underworld and can make it come alive for his readers, when the action is exciting and the conversation racy and amusing—well, you'll want to read it. A detective from San Francisco goes to the city of Personville to break up the ring of thugs who control the town. He splits them into factions which turn the town into a battlefield. Knives and blackjacks and pistols and bombs and machine-guns have accounted for some twenty-five or thirty people by the time he finishes his job. And the book is full of vivid writing. The storming of Pete the Finn's stronghold in Whiskeytown is as real a fiction battle as we've ever attended.

We recommend this one without reservation. We gave it A plus before we'd finished the first chapter.

Lee Thayer's
Dead Men's Shoes
Sears

We'd like to get some statistics on the causes of death among fiction characters. Of course if you include detective fiction, deaths in libraries from daggers and blunt instruments would lead all the rest. That is, among elderly gentlemen. It's as common as influenza, and here's another case of it, solved with ease and ingenuity by the red-haired Peter Clancy. Not a bad detective at all, Peter, if he'd lay off the wise cracks. Though we liked best the murdered man's unbelievably correct English valet.

Kay Cleaver Strahan's
Footprints
Doubleday, Doran

There weren't any footprints — that was just the trouble. Dick Quilter was shot, no one was in the house except the members of his immediate family, yet there wasn't a footprint in the snow outside, nor was any one concealed in the house. Who killed him? The lady detective solves the mystery by reading letters of various members of the family describing the crime—which took place nearly thirty years ago. To us, the explanation wasn't entirely convincing. Miss Strahan can write better stories than this—and has.

Viscount Gladstone's
After Thirty Years
Macmillan

A volume of Gladstone reminiscences written by the son of that statesman to refute, apparently, certain criticisms and misconceptions resulting from the work of other writers. The first part of the book deals with his family life, but is a bit too much of a defense to be entirely convincing as a picture. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant picture. The second part is political, and the third is devoted to Queen Victoria's published letters and records, so far as they concern Mr. Gladstone. An excellent supplement to Lord Morley's official "Life."

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Detroit: City of Tomorrow?

(Continued from Page 246)

the Capital. The confusion of races was no different in the island city which destiny for a time had made the spiritual concentration camp of the nation. Much of the population was "hand-picked," originating from all the forty-eight states, and arrived in the capital after the most painful sacrifices. Graceful illusions persisted that made life tolerable. The colorful activities of theatres on Broadway, of musicians, painters, university and literary circles, permitted one to forget the flaming forges, the mines, railroad yards, motor factories of which the country was actually composed. Ideas existed for their own sake, at least to a minority class, truly disinherited but stubbornly believing that it summed up the human aspirations of a whole people.

In the great common meeting ground of the club car the Super-Salesman made overtures, offered the convivial bottle, and then confidences, to a fellow traveler who, he persisted in believing, was also a fellow-salesman.

He spoke in the very accents (upon my honor) of Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt." He wore horn-rimmed glasses which disguised his nearly expressionless face. Let us call my composite American only Smith; he was tremendously symptomatic! His features, his intonation were anonymous; save for his yellow complexion, his pale, blue eyes, and an edge of hysteria in his voice, which frightened me.

"I have a growing business, a fine income, a beautiful home with the finest books in it. Yes, only the best: Elbert Hubbard, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Lud—Ludwig . . . And I have an eight-cylinder coupe, and, let me tell *you,* a wonderful wife . . . Finest little woman in the world—and yet, and yet . . . "

Here his voice grew husky and broke in a stagy sob: "I don' know what's the matter with me. Something's wrong, something's just wrong with me, somewhere, I guess. I can't seem to get back into my stride.

"Just come back from ninety days in a sanitarium out in Wisconsin. Cost $165 a week. Company's been wonderful to me. Here's a letter the President sent me. Finest fellow in the world, biggest-hearted man you ever saw. Yes, sir, wants me to take six months off in Bermuda, forget all about business, and on the company's time!

"Nerves! A nervous break-down they tell me," went on Smith woefully.

(Please Turn to Page 278)

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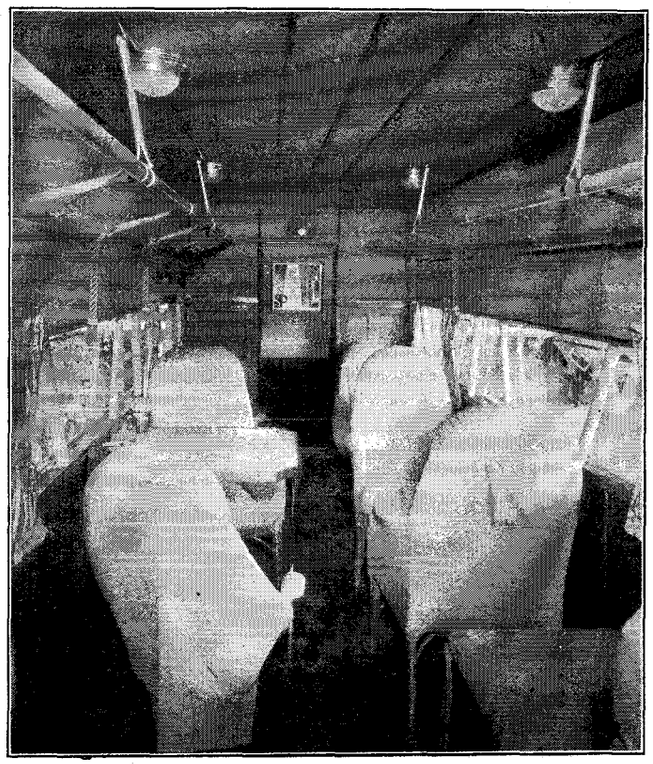
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE AIRPLANE seems to us to open a new field to the interior decorator, and one which demands considerable ingenuity. Not only is space very limited, but the weight of everything must be calculated down to the last ounce. We believe that the picture which we reproduce here, of the interior of an airplane decorated and fitted by B. Altman & Company, will interest you, and show you how cleverly and tastefully some of these problems can be surmounted. The plane is a Fokker, the colors outside being blue and gold. The decorations of the interior follow out this scheme. The rug and curtains are blue, the walls and ceiling gray. The chairs, built up and upholstered on a rattan base, are of course fastened to the floor, and though light are far more comfortable than Pullman chairs. We have sat in one and we know. The door at the forward end opens into the compartment where the pilots sit. At each side is a built-in cabinet, the one on the left opening as a desk, the right-hand one being a sort of cellarette. The woodwork throughout is mahogany.

If modernism in decoration is to justify itself it must do so first in a modern setting, and the airplane, within its rather narrow limits, offers a perfect opportunity for the modernist decorator to do something really interesting. The limitations indeed make the problem more interesting, as they always do. This example seems to us to have been treated ingeniously and not too conventionally. But we believe that more modern treatment will follow.



INTERIOR OF A PRIVATE AIRPLANE
Decorated and fitted by B. Altman & Co.

SOME TIME AGO in discussing the Telechron clock in this department we expressed a desire to know the difference between a grandfather clock and a grandmother clock. A communication from the Clock Manufacturers Association informs us that the grandmother is merely a small grandfather.

It informs us also that there are several other electric clocks on the market which we have not described to you. In these the winding is done by electricity, but the time is not, as in the Telechrons, regulated by the power house.

The Sangamo Company's electric clocks are guaranteed accurate within thirty seconds a week. In these the mainspring is wound by a small precision motor which keeps it at practically constant tension. If the power goes off for a time it does not affect the clock as the mainspring has a reserve of twenty-four hours.

This company makes a number of wall, mantel and boudoir clocks, as well as reproductions of early American clocks, the cases of which are made by Erskine-Danforth, the makers of Danersk Furniture.

The Seth Thomas Clock Company also makes electric clocks, which run on the same principle. Besides mantel and wall clocks, there is an electric automobile clock.

Some of the Seth Thomas eight-day pendulum clocks for kitchen and nursery are amusing. One has a square white enamel dial with decorations in blue, giving a tile effect; another's dial has a willow plate pattern; a third is decorated with animals and figures from Mother Goose and fairy tales.

THERE'S AN INSTRUMENT that looks like a clock, but the dial, instead of hours, marks the points of the compass, and as the vane on the roof swings with the wind, a light flashes behind the proper letter on the dial. In the center of the dial is a light which flashes the number of times per minute to correspond with the miles-per-hour wind speed. We don't know just what use this would be to us in our city apartment, but we can imagine that if we were an aviator's bride it might hold a certain immediate interest.

FOR THE MOTORIST who occasionally has to wash his hands on the road, there is a package containing twelve sheets of soap paper and twelve paper towels. The soap paper is made of pure wood fiber and cocoanut oil soap. A convenient package to carry in the pocket of your car.

AT LAST an iceless cocktail shaker—yes, we said "cocktail;" it is and always has been, whether you shake up cocktails in it or not. They make us tired—these timid people who call legs limbs and change Hamburg steak to Liberty steak when we declare war on Germany. What, we wonder, will they do with cigarette holders and tobacco pouches in 1940 or so when the antismoking law goes through? Breathing tubes and combustible pouches, we suppose. Well, anyway, this shaker has a double wall so that there's a compartment surrounding the drink container, and into this go two powders which, when mixed with a small amount of water, lower the temperature below that of natural ice. Quick and easy and doesn't dilute the contents, which is always a consideration no matter what you are mixing in your shaker. Even "beverages" are bad when too liberally diluted.

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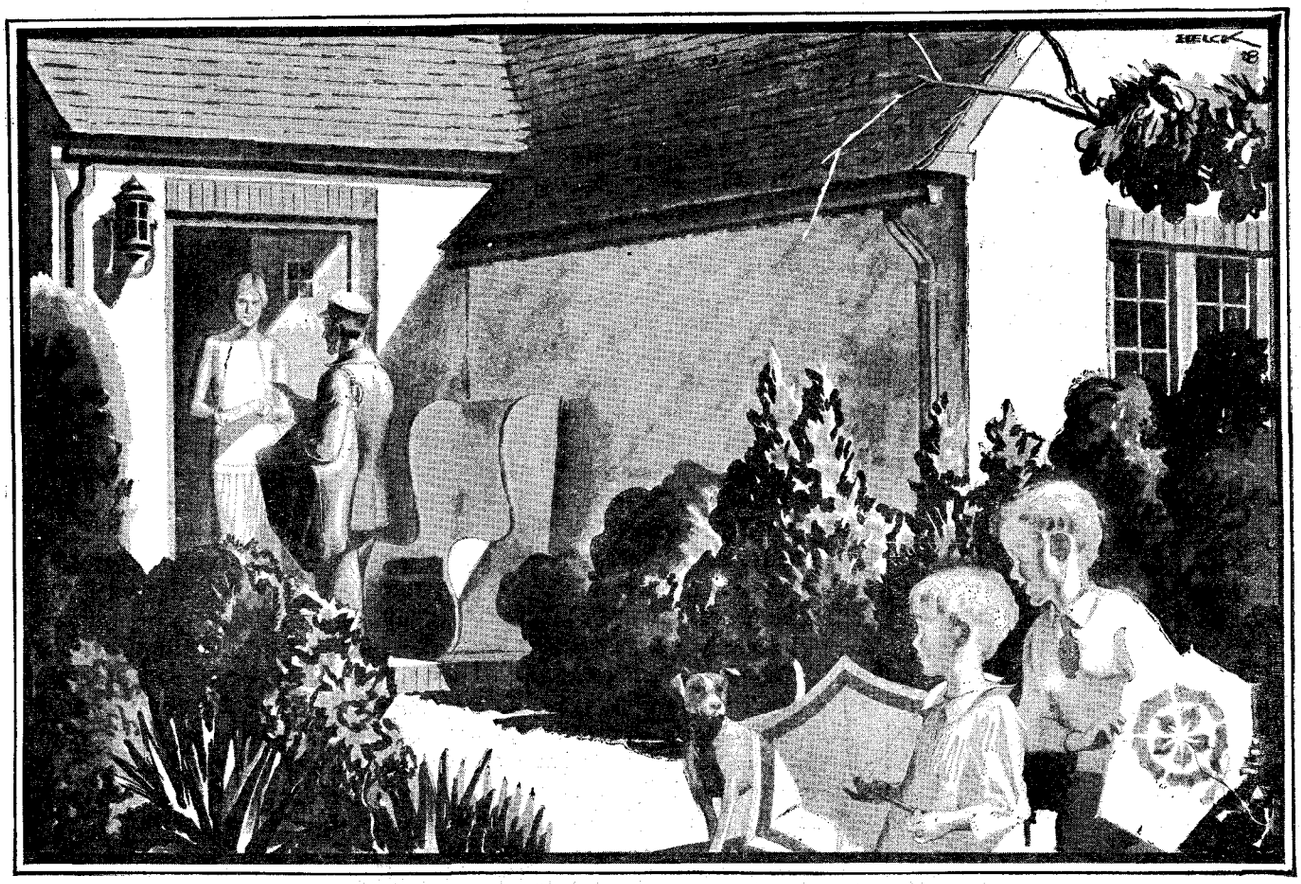

Where the Bell System's profit goes

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THERE is in effect but one profit paid by the Bell Telephone System. This profit is not large, for it is the policy of the Bell System to furnish a constantly improving telephone service at the least cost to the public.

The treasury of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company receives dividends from the stock of the operating companies. It receives a payment from the operating companies for research, engineering and staff work. It receives dividends from the Western Electric Company—makers of supplies for the Bell System—and income from long distance operations.

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Money beyond regular dividend requirements and a surplus for financial stability is used to give more and better telephone service to the public. This is fundamental in the policy of the company.

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

Detroit: City of Tomorrow?

(Continued from Page 275)

"And I can't get my mind off business! I've been ringing door-bells for eleven years, and let me tell you I'm proud of it. The American woman is the shrewdest little buyer in the world. And when I come *with my hat in my hand,* recommending our high-pressure suction vacuum cleaner, and get a hard look, I don't mind. Something's been wrong, worries her. Her husband might have said a cross word. . . ."

The earnest Mr. Smith was a Division Manager for a Detroit Company, covering three States from his Milwaukee headquarters, and employing three hundred and fifty salesmen, whom he alternately lashed, or patted on the back, individually. Every Monday morning he made a speech. He raved.

"I give 'em DYNAMITE," he told me. "I never let up. I give 'em dynamite, after breakfast every day. I never stop."

He held contests, awarded airplanes as prizes, maneuvered his little army and reported regularly to Detroit. He had been a favorite leader of shock-troops, up from the ranks, when his nervous breakdown had come.

"All of a sudden," he related, "on a rainy night, I was driving like hell, trying to forget everything, trying to get away. All of a sudden my legs went dead on me, my hands too. I saw another car crossing. I skidded and crashed. Nothing *bad.* Only afterward I couldn't sign any checks, or letters. My secretary (that's my wife) had to sign for me. Rest didn't help. One night I fainted at our National Dealers' Convention . . . "

Since boyhood, Smith, it appears, had never played, never really amused himself. Perhaps, as I suggested to him, he had used up twenty years worth of nervous energy in ten. When he was a boy on the farm in "Missourah" he used to play the fiddle. Perhaps it would have been better for him to have remained a musician rather than work up to dynamite-selling at $16,500 a year.

"But I just *love* to sell vacuum cleaners!" (*sic*)

"The American woman is the shrewdest little buyer in the world. Dust is the greatest agent of disease, is it not? I come to give away free a government pamphlet recommending our high-pressure vacuum cleaner . . ."

At this point the whole club car arose in revolt. No one else had been able to hear himself think. As for the government recommending *his* vacuum cleaner, Tommy-rot, said a Detroit lawyer. That would be "restraint of trade." Tut-tut, said a Detroit advertising agent; the company's advertising was full of holes and buncombe. Smith rose to the defense of his Company hysterically. But he was cried down by the whole smoking car, who, now thoroughly aroused, championed the great Rival Company, rejected the idea that dust was an evil, and called for a return to the days of wool carpets, old-fashioned upholstery, and no dynamite!

The conversation became general. It was at a fairly high level for a smoker. I am by no means exaggerating when I say that the skeptical and destructive ideas of H. L. Mencken seemed to have gained a wide hearing among the Rotarians of the land. One by one these men, flunkies, "yes-men," and salesmen, gloated and joyed in revealing the deceptions, exaggerations and "bunk" which their own companies broadcast. Smith would periodically interrupt, crying that he had "rung door-bells for eleven years, and was proud of it," only to be shouted down by the whole indignant, sardonic smoking-room again and again.

Let's Go Somewhere

(Continued from Page 247)

ings men loved when they built them, and Chartres street, and the very essence of the South, and be glad and go to bed afterwards and sleep praising his gods.

Tears in the eyes, for once anyway, because inanimate things can be so lovely.

Wharton and I were once in a little shaky cabin far down Mobile Bay. We used to build bonfires there on the beach, outside the house—not because it was cold—it was hot all right—but because we both liked the sun and the flicker of the reflection of the dancing flames—come through the windows—on the walls.

The walls were of old grey wood, unpainted. We had little enough furniture, I'll tell you that.

There wasn't an antique piece within a thousand miles that we knew about.

And so the cockroaches used to come out—as big as my thumb—and walk across the grey wall. It was the South all right. The cockroaches liked the light too. We had them named.

"There goes Clara," said Wharton, and sure enough it was Clara. What a charming slender brown cockroach she was. Such legs. Such eyes. She made a little dry shuffling noise—her feet on

(Please Turn to Page 280)

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

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TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Employment Agencies

TEACHERS—Register now for attractive September vacancies. Associated Teachers' Agency, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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WANTED—Housekeeper in Motherless home three grown children—pleasant surroundings—Brooklyn, R. Hamel, 75 Fulton Street, New York City.

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AMERICAN woman desires position managing housekeeper. Eight years reference. 8853 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG woman, experienced traveler, college education, good company, wishes to act as companion to any one taking North Cape Cruise this summer. Highest References. 8851 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED matron and dietitian also in management of tea room and gift shop, desires position. References. 8850 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED, experienced nursery governess. American. Highest recommendations. 8849 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED, refined, reliable Graduate Nurse, desires position as Secretary-Companion to Lady. No stenography or typing. References exchanged. 8848 Outlook and Independent.

SECRETARY—Young woman, unusual secretarial experience, literary, business, well educated, adaptable, wants change—traveling companion or secretary. Highest References. 8852 Outlook and Independent.

NURSERY governess, 7 years in one place, best references, would like position with family going West. Others considered. 8845 Outlook and Independent.

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Let's Go Somewhere

(Continued from Page 278)

the grey wall lit by the dancing flames. So there was Clara, and Tom and Joe came out and pursued her.

Then Isabelle came plumper than Clara, and Clarence and Jake and Martha and Cicero. They loved to dance and run in the firelight and Wharton and I sat in the darkness and saw our share of love and life.

There were cockroaches in the kitchen too. We used to leave the dishes unwashed and the cockroaches did most of our housekeeping. They ate all the bread crumbs off the floor. We hardly had to sweep at all.

Why I like Ohio, Charles. I was born and was a boy there. When I travel from New York to Chicago, as I do sometimes, my heart always gives a little jump when I cross the State line.

I love it and I have written about it and I have paid my debt. I was twenty years in its factory towns and in the cities of the North.

I have love for Chicago too, where I lived, and its winds and the reach of the lake shore.

And men there—not artists specially, but advertising men, scribblers, as I was once, and distracted salesmen selling carpet sweepers and newspaper reporters and insurance agents.

And New York, with its clean sea winds and its smart women. That is a town.

O, I love the women of the northern cities, with their style and their graceful figures, like beautiful automobiles. I love to see them walk and ride in their expensive cars and wear their lovely gowns—if I only don't have to buy them.

But, Charles, I have, through my mother, a touch of the Wop in me. It is in my eyes and in my hair and in my tummy. It works in me like yeast.

I like some dirt, the sun has made pure, and some leisure and warm places and men.

I like the South—you had better come, Charles.

I like the little lumber camps down in Louisiana—the bayou country—Weeks Hall's place on the Teche—and the low wet country over toward Florida; and Georgia, with its red hills, when the peach trees bloom.

And negroes and sweat and sun.

And mules in the sandy roads.

The roads at evening when all the negro boys and girls get out in the big road and walk and sing and talk and make love.

Soft voices untouched yet by our intense neurotic age. No neuroticism in the skies, in the trees.

They keep telling me I am trying to escape, that I am running away. It may be true. I saw a boy once step on a rattlesnake and shall never forget his white, frightened face nor how he ran. He was trying to escape too. He had, I should say, an escape psychology, spiral evolution—there was a kind of spiral movement to him—and the Lord knows what else.

That I was not born of the South was not my fault, Charles. I did not manage that. I am only writing you because I am thinking of something.

If you want to go somewhere, Charles, bring your paint brushes and come on. We'll head South—the sun over our shoulders.

Come on, Charles, let's go somewhere South.

Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Little Accident. AMBASSADOR. Deftly acted, excellently written comedy; the love story of two very modern young people with clashing ideas.

Strange Interlude. JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

The Kingdom of God. ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE. Ethel Barrymore's triumph.

The Front Page. TIMES SQUARE. Humor, drama and thrills in a newspaper press room.

The Age of Innocence. EMPIRE. A complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago; and Katherine Cornell.

Street Scene. PLAYHOUSE. Realistic tragedy in a broken-down brownstone front somewhere in Manhattan.

Cyrano de Bergerac. HAMPDEN. Walter Hampden in a popular revival.

Jealousy. MAXINE ELLIOTT. Fay Bainter and John Halliday are the entire cast in this presentation of two sides of the usual triangle.

Wings over Europe. ALVIN. A good old-fashioned melodrama in which a youthful scientist discovers the key to the universe.

Paris. MUSIC BOX. Ordinary farce much enlivened by Irene Bordoni.

Holiday. PLYMOUTH. Sparkling drawing-room comedy about people who have more money than they want.

Gypsy. KLAW. Claiborne Foster in what the program calls a play about a girl with a gypsy heart.

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Show Boat. ZIEGFELD. Still the best in town; romance, exquisite settings and music to match.

This Year of Grace. SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

Three Cheers. GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

Whoopee. NEW AMSTERDAM. Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld settings.

Follow Thru. CHANIN. An attractive lot of youthful entertainers will make you have a grand time along with them; very casually about golf.

Under the Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

Hold Everything. BROADHURST. Everybody likes this.

Animal Crackers. 44TH STREET. The Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

New Moon. IMPERIAL. Another good costume musical show.

Blackbirds. ELTINGE. If you like colored revues, this is an excellent one.

The Black Derby

(Continued from Page 261)

Puritan spirit survives. Despite her insouciant head-tossing, her disdain of those of her sisters who are not "independent," her derisive chuckle at those of her gender who—largely because of lack of means—do not do as she does, she herself does to the letter what she is told to do. She is being told now to become alluringly feminine again.

Poverty of imagination is not the cause of her meek and literal obedience to the dictates of fashion. She has imagination. She also possesses that humor which consists of a nice sense of proportion But she is afflicted with blind spot or two. Solving the paradox of her is a problem on which a profound psychologist could spend his life.

The late John Reed in the day when the starched collar flourished, indited some verses:

> The English drink tea in the morning,
> From Trafalgar Square to Bohee,
> And that ought to be enough warning
> To any one drinking tea, ah me!
> To anyone drinking tea.
>
> Far be it from me to be scorning
> The Englishman's bold chivalree,
> But the clothing his person adorning,
> Ah, that's the result of the tea . . .

Were he living now to what beverage, condiment or season would he attribute the epidemic of black derbies? I think he would agree with me that they herald the return to acceptability of gentleness, gentility, suavity, manners, values, tender emotion, sentiment; that they are to the New Age which lies in the offing what that balanced eagle is to the American seal—a screaming reminder of what is what.

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